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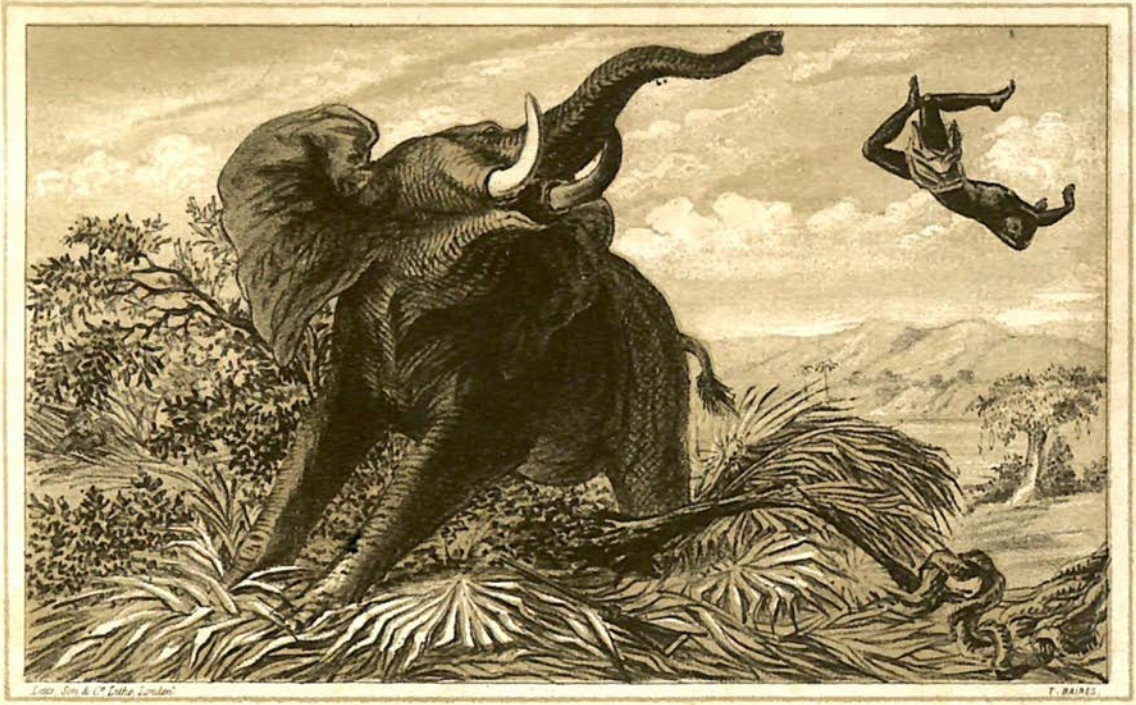

Elephant Attempting to Kill John Gaitly

THE SEARCH

AFTER

LIVINGSTONE.

[A Diary kept during the Investigation of his Reported Murder.]

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BY

E. D. YOUNG.

REVISED BY

REV. HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S.

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TO

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

THAT WATCHFUL VIGILANCE, SHREWD FORETHOUGHT,

AND ACTIVE INTEREST, ON WHICH THE EXPLORER CAN EVER

RECKON AT HIS HANDS, WHEN ABROAD OR AT HOME:

THESE DETAILS OF TRAVEL,

UNDERTAKEN AT HIS INSTIGATION, AND IN COMMON REGARD

AND LOVE FOR A NOBLE LIFE,

ARE WITH DEEP RESPECT DEDICATED

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

EDWARD DANIEL YOUNG.

HOLBEACH.

INTRODUCTION.

In this volume a Diary is embodied which was kept under circumstances that crave for it some consideration at the reader's hands.

I fear that the sameness of the reed-fringe on the rivers will be conspicuous in the landscape; the weariness which used to creep over us, as we wrote up our "logs" at night, may likewise steal into these pages imperceptibly, and the monotonous hum of the mosquito shall, perhaps, pipe too loudly around the ink bottle, as it always did of yore.

Nor may the sadness of the land be entirely erased by hopes that never left us, and which I try to show we continually entertain for Africa.

These things happen to him who wanders there. I would rather that the wild echo of the Kongoné Bar, or the scent of the mangrove should flee across the pages I offer to the reader, than that

truth should be sacrificed to adornment, or that the native African should be dressed up in European cocked hat and tailed coat to "go down" with the public.

The name of an old friend appears upon the title page—he spent years amongst these people on the Zambesi and the Shiré—to him I have entrusted the task of weaving my jottings into the necessary form for publication, and I trust that they will be found none the less "ship shape."

E. D. YOUNG.

HOLBEACH,
1868.

CHAPTER I.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S PREVIOUS EXPLORATIONS—HIS PRESENT OBJECT IN AFRICA—HIS COMPANIONS—THE AJAWA BOYS—MOOSA AND COMPANY: UNLIMITED LIARS—REPORTED MURDER OF THE TRAVELLER—DETAILS—PREPARATION TO GO TO AFRICA—THE EXPEDITION—THE "SEARCH"—THE START.

BEFORE going into full particulars of the journey made into the interior of Africa, to ascertain the truth or falsity of a story which reported Dr. Livingstone to have lost his life in his explorations, it will be as well briefly to lay before the reader some of the motives which directly led that undaunted traveller to renew his exertions in searching out a hitherto unknown region. The great end to which his life is devoted was indirectly the means of bringing about the adventures detailed in the following narrative.

In the year 1864, Dr. Livingstone re-

turned to England, having carried out a long series of investigations in the countries bordering on the southern lakes of Central Africa. He had failed in an attempt to launch an iron steamboat on Lake Nyassa, and for a time it was necessary in his official capacity to withdraw from the country; such, at least, were the instructions sent him from home.

These explorations had as their limits the Makololo country, far up the river Zambesi, and the whole district lying between that point and the sea coast at the mouth of that river. To the northward they had resulted in discoveries which will be ever associated with his name. The great tributary of the Zambesi, the river Shiré (pronounced Chirri) had for the first time been traced to its source in the magnificent Lake Nyassa. A minor lake, Lake Shirwa, had also been added to our knowledge of the waters of Africa, and high table-lands, healthy districts, and a

teeming population were likewise reported by our traveller at various times in his visits to England in 1859 and 1864. But in addition to this, Livingstone had been the first man who practically divulged a state of things existing in these hidden quarters of the vast continent, calculated to fill the English spirit at home with sorrow and indignation.

By him, the enormous slave trade of Eastern Africa, then and now existing, was dragged to light. Those who had so recently congratulated themselves upon the successful efforts to stop the traffic on the western side of Africa, learnt with dismay that a far larger abomination kept an enormous country, year by year, in a ferment of bloodshed upon the other side. Practically, I say, Dr. Livingstone had disclosed that the effete remnant of Portuguese power in Africa existed by the slave trade; and that the Persian Gulf, some parts of India, the Red Sea, a part of Egypt,

Madagascar, the Comoro islands, and other settlements in the vicinity (some of them under European flags), were draining out the population from the East of Africa.

From a thorough search into the whole system of this slavery, and from his personal experience, and that of others who have followed in his steps, the following general conclusion has been come to. Every slave that reaches the coast has been borne from his home for the sake of foreign requirements, and around the ashes of that home lie the skeletons of ten of his fellow creatures, who have fallen victims to the raids necessary for the slave dealer's purpose and the famines which succeed the slave wars. No check is placed upon it yet; but when it is considered how easily this could be done, and what an enormous and useless expenditure of public money would be saved, we can but hope some interference will speedily take place to benefit East Africa.

For instance, there is the small island of Zanzibar. In the Sultan's harbour are to be seen English, French, American, and Prussian merchant ships and men-of-war. The Sultan himself is a miserable Arab, whose life would not be worth ten days' purchase, but for the presence of these flags. Yet he is allowed to keep up a slave market under the very flutter of the Union Jack, Tricolor, and Stars and Stripes, which decimates annually vast tracts of African soil. Last year he received as tribute, 2 dollars per head on 20,000 slaves, thus sold under our very noses, whilst a few miles out at sea, every one of them might have been lawfully liberated. The farce is really past understanding; but there are many wheels within wheels. Nearly all these slaves go to the Red Sea and Persian Gulf.

In round numbers, it is supposed, another 30,000 are shipped from the Sultan's seaboard, surreptitiously, to the same destina-

tions. To stop it with the strong hand would seriously interfere with some commercial interests in India. Bombay, for instance, would in time feel the absence of so much slave labour in the Persian Gulf, and every effort must be made and is made to hush up an abomination, which truly requires but ventilation and exposure to kindle the anger and the pity of every Englishman, or indeed of any civilised European.

Sad it is to witness abroad the renegade spirit, which, when the eye is off, palliates, nay encourages, this traffic in the dark corners of the earth, where home authority is slow to see. Zanzibar and the Comoro Islands could each tell the tale of men (ready enough to claim the protection of our own flag if needs be) thwarting the efforts of the navy and belieing the creed we hold in such matters for their own gain. These doings have been searched out at last and partially checked, and there

is an augury of good for the future in the vigilance of those in authority.

Zanzibar, as the nucleus of the trade, exports year by year an average of 20,000 slaves, as returned in official reports. All these poor wretches are drawn from the districts to which I am about to ask the reader to follow us.

When Dr. Livingstone arrived in England for his last sojourn amongst us, the discoveries of the late Captain Speke and his comrade, Major Grant, had caused the greatest enthusiasm, not only to geographers in general, but also to the public at large. Soon afterwards, the further success of Sir Samuel Baker added largely to our knowledge. Problem after problem arose, lake after lake, real or ideal, began to fill up that great white patch in Africa we remember in our school-boy days, and have pondered on as the well-thumbed atlas lay before us; a burning desert—a second Sahara—was all that suggestion or wisdom

could formerly assign to it. But now, there literally seemed to be no end to the Nile. With its stalk above ground, a potatoe-like phenomenon began to appear on the map of Africa. There was a nest of lakes at its roots, lying in the ridge of those ominous "Mountains of the Moon:" who should say what another brave dig into such a *terra incognita* might not reveal?

On two occasions, namely, in 1860 and in 1863, an attempt had been made by Dr. Livingstone to penetrate the country from the East coast by following the course of the river Rovuma, which was reported to issue from the east shore of Lake Nyassa. Both of these had failed owing to the shallowness of the river not allowing the steamer "Pioneer" to proceed above a certain number of miles.

Foiled in this attempt, Dr. Livingstone sent to England for a small steam vessel (built in sections), which he trusted to launch on the lake; but famine and war,

owing to the slave trade, destroyed all hopes of his succeeding. When she arrived, the "Lady Nyassa" was brought out of the rivers again, and disposed of after a voyage to Bombay, which, as a deed of daring, can scarcely be exceeded in all the exploits of her amateur commander's wonderful life of adventure.

It was then early in 1865 that the Doctor began his preparations for another attempt to explore these regions in his own favorite way—that is, on foot. Constantly has he asserted his belief that for a man to succeed as a traveller in Africa, he should go unaccompanied by other white men. A party, ever so small, must be encumbered with extra luggage. It attracts more attention, incurs more hostility and extortion; and before safety can be apparent in numbers, the benefit, in a travelling point of view, is overshadowed by the probability of constant halts from sickness amongst the many. Experience has fully confirmed this.

Livingstone's object now was to proceed as nearly parallel as possible to the course of the Rovuma, and to reach the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Here, he would complete his former explorations; he would ascertain whether Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika (known to exist in a north-westerly direction), joined waters; and he would further endeavour to extend his explorations northwards on the chain of lakes, working upwards towards the Nile sources.

With this object he left England on the 14th August, 1865, accompanied by his daughter as far as Paris. He then proceeded direct to Bombay, and began his preparations for a long journey into the old haunts. He had previously visited India on his way from Africa in 1864, as I have mentioned. With him on that occasion were several natives, whom he had brought with him from the Shiré, and amongst them two lads, Chuma and Wakotani,

whose names will appear several times in the narrative of our expedition. These boys were about sixteen years of age at that time, and the Doctor entrusted them to the care of Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, for education. He was delighted to find that, so well had they profited by the opportunity of learning English, they could now both write and read, and furthermore, were anxious to be baptized into our English Church: this wish was complied with shortly before their departure with him.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader if I introduce here a letter that was written by one of the boys at this time to a gentleman in England, who has placed it at my disposal. It bears entirely on the point, inasmuch as it is an answer to one written to Wakotani telling him of Dr. Livingstone's intentions, and coupling with it a request that he would go with his old chief to act as his faithful servant and in-

terpreter amongst people of his own tribe—the Waiou or Ajawa, as we shall call them throughout. Wakotani in his letter shows an amount of ability far beyond the ordinary calibre. Not only does he reduce his own language phonetically to writing, but he makes himself clearly understood to his correspondent, and on its simple promise and the faith we had in the boy's integrity of purpose, it is not too much to say, we founded presumptive evidence that the account of Livingstone's death and Wakotani's desertion were alike false. The following is Wakotani's letter :—

BOMBAY, *August* 13*th*, 1865.

Iné, Wekotani ani Chuma, dupareka kalátá kúpásá ive, W—— Wanéna sabueno, Datolo ine, andipasa darama Dotolo; uu wakoma tima.

Iné ani Chuma ani Wekotani, Datolo Wati "Salané Bombay, funsisa kalata nikulemba." Iné Wekotani dati "Chakoma eva fumu" vati "Salané."

Iné nafumara mava che Dotolo, Ine daremba kalata sapano; uyou wata, difuna kulemba kalata uena.

Datolo nasa; vati, "isani kuno Wekotoni ani

Chuma, itenga dalama akopasa. vala uyu vakoma tima."

Iné Wekotani difunsa ayamata adepa. Dasiva kamayapongwe vafa : mulungu vatenga. Iné difunsa misanga Chinsolo vakata ukásé ; Iné difunsa ulaya vabala manache ; kaya vaukáse, kaya vavanuma.

Iné Wekotani difunsa ulaya nichinsolo anwanga sapano.

Datolo uyu vati eva " Wekotani ni Chuma," vati, " tiende kudifuma." Un' fumu W—— vati " eva Wukotani, uende nidatolo usogole manjira uona ányáncha vena, kuninena nikuona ayauo kunena-naoo." Iné dati " chakoma, dienda ena, nikaenda, diribó kusúlá kuanyanja iné dibara nindatolo." Iné sapano difunsa aramunsi nichumala niblaya. Vala vati blaya ni aramunsi ari ku natavo, siko iro vati langirase.

Difunsa evavala, vakala nichinsolo, vakala mosa iné kufunsa eva vala, iné difunsa aringatani ; vakala kamosi ni súbani : iné eva vala, iné, Wakotani, diriba quivala vala.

Sapanu daremba klatayanga, ya funsa vala iné diri Bombay. Chiku ansache achakunda, vafa anayi : chiko aripo data kulemba.

I remain; Sir,

Yours most obediently,

WAKOTANI.

Eva, vala, vulemba kalata mulembara Chinsoro, di

móne pamasopache, chinsolo ninchase ulaya nakasache, ni mone daoma akasiava achivambala namache; sambane diribe kumona pamasopache. Chiku vati salani, Wala.

(Translation.)

"I, Wakotani, and I, Chuma, send a letter to give to you, W——. The Doctor has said all is well, and has given to me the money which you gave to him, the Doctor; this is done of the good heart.

"As for us, Chuma and Wakotani, the Doctor said to us, 'Farewell; remain yet at Bombay; cause to be learnt reading and the art of writing.' I said, even I, Wakotani, 'It is good, my chief.' 'Farewell,' said he.

"I have answered to the voice of the Doctor, and I now write to you this letter; and when it is finished I shall like to write to you yet another.

"The Doctor has arrived; he said, 'Come here, Wakotani and Chuma, and take that money which W—— has given out of a good heart.'

"I, Wakotani, learn that one of the boys is dead, I know Kaminyapongwi is dead; God has taken him. I learn my kinsman Chinsoro has married a wife; I learn that there is a child born to Uriah. If it be a boy, I know not; if a girl, I know not.

"Now I, Wakotani, speak to Uriah and Chinsoro, my kinsmen.

"He, even he, the Doctor, has said: 'Wakotani and Chuma,' said he, 'let us go to the Ruvuma.' The chief W—— has spoken; he says:—'You Wakotani, go with the Doctor before him on the path, and see other large waters, and speak with and see the Waiou, and speak the Waiou language.' I said, 'This is good, and I travel once more, and travelling there will be no sitting down when the great water is reached, I, I return with the Doctor.' Now, I am informed of Adams and Chumala and Blair. W—— says Blair and Adams are at Natal, a country belonging to the English, says he.

"I speak to you, W——you who used to live with Chinsoro—and to A———; he lived with Sumbani, I and you, W——, I, Wakotani; there is no forgetting W—— with me.

"'Now I have written my letter, telling W—— I am at Bombay. Of Chiku and his companions, the traders, four are dead. Chiku is present. I have finished writing.

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours most obediently,

"WAKOTANI."

"You, W——, made pictures* portraying Chinsoro, and I have seen his countenance and that of his wife,

* Photographs.

of Uriah and of his wife, and I see Daoma and those women Ochuomvala and her mother; Jambani, I do not see his face. Chiku says, may it be well with you, W——."

But the little troop of necessary carriers and porters could not all be recruited from such faithful followers. A native Havildar and some Sepoys were enlisted, a few educated Suahili lads joined from the Nassick school at Bombay; and lastly, a bevy of men from the Island of Johanna (one of the Comoro group) completed the necessary number.

And here I must pause to describe Moosa and his comrades of Johanna. We had previously a good experience of the salient points in the characters of these Mahomedans. It had fallen to my bad lot on a former occasion to be brought into contact with just such qualities in Moosa, head man for the nonce, as would stand him in good stead supposing desertion, pillage, and a plausible tale should ever suggest themselves to him

as a way out of a difficulty. He had served under me for more than a year on the river Shiré, and the tropical growth of rascality during an idle six months there (as witnessed in him and his followers) was marked, but certainly not amusing. The first canon in their creed was to lie; the second made stealing an honest transaction towards their Christian neighbours. With consciences thus pretty well fortified, these two laws were rigorously exercised amongst bead sacks, calico bales, bundles of brass wire, rice bags, and beef casks, on every available opportunity when my back was turned. It was no use stopping their grog — that stern preventive measure with the ordinary Jack-tar—for they drank none. A religion which winks at the above practices, sneezes if the air brings upon it a whiff of anything so unlawful and unclean as rum! At my wit's end I hit upon two expedients. Distance from their home lent no aid to

disenchant the visions of spotless purity in which the Faithful must indulge. If rum were loss of Houris, pork was simply destructive to all ideas of peace of mind. Now it so happened a pig was brought to us one day at Ma Titti, where the "Pioneer" and her motley crew were lying for six months. A fathom or two of cloth transferred to my possession a nondescript beast with bristles like cocoa-nut fibre brushed different ways, and with teeth, legs, tail, and ears, tending to defy ought but the merest semblance of things swine-like.

Great was the dismay of Moosa and his companions when they saw a small cabin fitted up in the bows, with a packing case or two and some handy spars, for our new acquisition. To stay on the same ship was simply impossible to the followers of the Prophet. However, a compromise, with a view to further business, was eventually come to. Piggy was on no account

to be suffered out of his sty, except at such times as the Faithful were safely on shore; as long as they worked well, so did the arrangement. But things soon lapsed. Less work and more lying and stealing took the place of the wholesome dread of being run up against by the "unclean."

Necessity is the mother of invention. So after an unusually successful result in seeing "how not to do things," one day I had "eight bells" struck, and, as usual, the Johanna men got ready to dine on shore. What was their dismay to hear the clatter of trotters, and in a moment the "defiled" was amongst the Faithful! *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day. Piteous appeals, to which hunger lent its zest at the accustomed dinner hour, were showered down upon me from the rigging. "Ah! Misser Young, that no good, that no good; Ah! Misser Young, 'spose you catch 'em, porco, 'spose we work plenty."

On these conditions at last I relented, and

for a time a mere glance of my eye towards "Porco's" sty was enough to get quite a paroxysm of work out of them. Then this failed, and I had to resort to a still more persuasive argument. The stealing had become past endurance. A culprit was caught and a long threatened operation (which for brevity's sake we will call "two dozen") was to be his lot as soon as he was tied up and a proper person found to administer the corrective. That a follower of the Prophet should be struck by the "Kaffir" was out of the question, and a loud protest, founded on this theory, at last had its hearing. I relented, but a second impossibility took its place. Still more unheard of was it that "dog should eat dog," or Moslem thrash Mussulman!

However, of these two evils, the Faithful decided it was the least, not without a bias as I discovered very soon. The reason became as apparent as the brotherly consideration which came to the front, in the

attempt to mitigate, if not to prevent, the flagellation. Moosa himself consented to wield an impromptu and very mild sort of "cat." I had the culprit properly fastened to the rigging to receive his whipping, and took my station to see it justly administered. All was ready; Moosa, with a stern sense of justice and self-sacrifice for principle's sake manifested on his countenance, handled the "cat" in the most approved fashion. Great was the preparation for the blow, and Ali Baba must evidently be cut in twain at the first go off! Not so: the well feigned uplifted vengeance in the lash, came down to a modification in the fall, which left the tawny skin of the marauder merely tickled. This would not do; defeat was ruin, or at least plunder more pertinacious than ever.

Coming up behind Mr. Moosa with a rope's end, I told him that it was evident he was at a loss to know exactly how hard he was to hit—an excusable failing, consider-

ing his scanty knowledge of plain English —and I could furnish him with a simple but sure guidance. So it was "Now Moosa—(thwack)—pass that on to Ali Baba." The result was marvellous, and although Moosa never could exactly see why he could not pass on just what he received, I broke up a cabal which made detection and punishment alike a burden to our otherwise sorely tried life with these Johanna men.

Such, then, was the party that was assembled at Zanzibar, and started thence for the interior, by way of the Rovuma, on the 28th March, 1866.

In December, the reappearance of Moosa at Zanzibar with a most circumstantial account of Dr. Livingstone's murder filled every one there with deep sorrow. Those of our countrymen who had opportunities of cross-examining Moosa were convinced he spoke the truth. The story had all the impress of probability from former experiences of the Ma Zitu. Living-

stone had been cut off by these savages, and Moosa had escaped to tell the tale to the minutest particulars. To me came the full first impression it was a false story throughout. To prove it such led me at once to volunteer my services.

I shall not be justified in repeating to the reader all the mass of evidence which poured in upon us in the early months of 1867. Dr. Kirk and Mr. Seward, at Zanzibar, had cross-examined Moosa very carefully; in no important detail could they shake his testimony. I cannot do better than put forth the main despatch as we received it from Her Majesty's Political Agent at Zanzibar, Dr. Seward; it is as follows:—

1. *Despatches from* DR. SEWARD, *H.M., Acting Political Resident at Zanzibar, to Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.*

(Communicated by the FOREIGN OFFICE.)

"ZANZIBAR, December 10, 1866.

"MY LORD,—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his despatch from Ngomano,

informed your Lordship that he stood 'on the threshold of the unexplored.' Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow, he added, 'it is best to say little of the future.'

"My Lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has 'crossed the threshold of the unexplored;' he has confronted the future, and will never return.

"He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus of whom he says, in his despatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him, and had 'swept away the food from above and in the ground.' With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loende and Rovuma Rivers at Ngomano, and the eastern or north-eastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point, as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kompoonda, or Mapoonda, on its western —probably its north-western—shore; and was pushing west or north-west into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Maklisoora a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mafite, and Nyassa folk.

"The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and

arrow, the Zulus with the traditional shield, broad-bladed spears, and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear.

"The Mafite instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat; they came on with a rush, with war-cries, and rattling on their shields their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces, their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment.

"Livingstone fired, and two Zulus were shot dead (his boys fired too, but their fire was harmless); he was in the act of reloading, when three Mafite leapt upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance, there could be none, and one cruel axe-cut from behind put him out of life.

"He fell, and, when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled hunted by the Mafite. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

"The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kompoonda, on the lake's borders (they left the Havildar of Sepoys there dying of dysentery, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys of the Bombay 21st at Mataka), and had rested at

Marenga, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Maklisoora; they were traversing a flat country broken by small hills, and abundantly wooded. Indeed, the scene of the tragedy so soon to be consummated would appear to have been an open forest-glade.

" Livingstone, as usual led the way—his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with these, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear.

" Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mafite were coming; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there between the trees.

" He had just gained the party, and sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell. Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed off into the deeper forest. If the Mafite really passed Moosa, his escape and that of his people verges on the marvellous.

" However, at sunset, they, in great fear, left their forest refuge, and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveller lay.

" Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay scattered some four dead fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright; he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone, from their description, through the neck and spine up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was 'ever ready.'

" They found him stripped only of his upper clothing, for the Mafite had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave, and hid from the starlight the striken temple of a grand spirit—the body of an apostle of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labours made known to us, and which, now baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as 'Lake Livingstone.'

" The names of those who stood before the Mafite, with Livingstone, should not be unremembered:—

Adam.	James Chooma.
Maka.	Abraham Pariella.
Simon Price.	Edward Gardner.
Albert Baraka.	Lakoombo.
Malbrook Jooma.	Ali Moosa.

Of these, four were seen dead near the corpse of Livingstone; the rest, save Ali Moosa, are missing.

"The Johanna men made the best of their way back to Kompoonda or Mapoonda, not venturing near any village or station; they lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on their way.

" At Kompoonda they witnessed the end of the Havildar of Sepoys, Bombay 21st Native Infantry. He alone of all the Indians was faithful; on the threshold of this Consulate at Zanzibar, he pledged himself at the moment of starting never to forsake his leader—nor did he; to the last he struggled on, worn with dysentery, but broke down hopelessly on the road to Marenga. A day or two later and he would have shared his leader's fate.

" Insubordinate, lazy, impracticable, and useless, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys at Mataka. Had they been faithful like their Havildar, I should not have had to inscribe a record of this sad happening. Their unfitness for African travel might have been predicted. At Kompoonda the Johanna men were deprived of their weapons by the Chief, who also kept the Havildar's. Here they joined an Arab slave-caravan, re-crossed the Nyassa, and made for Keelwa, the great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast.

" But here again, and where least expected, they encountered the Mafite. They had reached

Keepareygree, eight days south-west of Keelwa, when the appearance of a band of these savages scattered the caravan. Abandoning ivory, slaves—their all—the Arab leaders thought but of saving their lives. The Johanna men again made their escape, and reached Keelwa, whence by the kindness of the Customs people they were at once sent on to Zanzibar. They arrived here on the 6th of December.

"It will be gratifying to the many and true friends of Dr. Livingstone to learn that when, on his sad end being known, the British flag was lowered at this Consulate, the French, the American, and Hanseatic flags were at once flown half-mast-high, the Consuls paying a spontaneous tribute to his memory—an example shortly followed by all the foreign vessels in the harbour. The Sultan's flag was also lowered.

"I must reserve other details for a subsequent letter; but I may state that no papers, effects, or relics of Livingstone are likely to be recovered.

"G. Edward Seward.

"*Postscript.*—The date of Dr. Livingstone's death is left as much to conjecture as the place of his grave.

"All that we certainly know is, that he was at Ngomano on the 18th of May last; that he pro-

ceeded to Mataka, whence he sent a despatch to this Consulate.

"From Mataka he is said to have made for and struck Nyassa, which he crossed; but where—or where Mataka is—cannot be ascertained.

"The runaway Reuben with the Sepoys state that Livingstone left Mataka a few days before they set out on their return journey to Zanzibar.

"They were one month and twenty days on the road to Keelwa, which they reached during the latter days of September. It may be inferred from this that Livingstone left Mataka about the middle of last July.

"The Johanna men named six weeks as the probable time of their return journey from Mapoonda to Keelwa with the slave caravan. The fight with the Zulus took place sixteen days before they set out. They reached Keelwa in November (Zanzibar, 6th December). Roughly, then, we may conjecture the death of their leader to have happened during September. The statements of our informants as to time, distance, and direction, are distressingly vague and untrustworthy.

"G. Edwin Seward."

Dr. Kirk, likewise, sent us the result of his carefully sifted evidence, and all seemed too conclusive. Nevertheless, there were

facts which could not be got rid of. There was the mere *ipse dixit* of Moosa to go upon in the first place; and in the second, the man's previous character. An all-pervading doubt haunted me. Moosa and his companions had deserted the Doctor; they dare not reappear on the coast, much less claim their pay of a British Consul, without a story to justify their turning up, and now their wits had served them sufficiently to palm this narrative off; it was so clad with devotion and affection to their leader, that on the very face of it, there were the traces of untruth to my mind when I remembered our previous acquaintance.

Besides this, what had become of those likely to be faithful to him according to my own judgment? Wakotani, most faithful of all, had deserted; Chuma had fallen dead; and the Havildar who had not deserted with the Sepoys (long since back in India) had most conveniently died. The

other lads from Bombay — where were they?

My first instinct was to confer with those from whom I might expect a shrewd opinion. Nor was I at all surprised to find the sagacity of the President of the Royal Geographical Society tormenting him to the full. His far-seeing eye had, in years gone past, been working in London over problems Livingstone at the moment was solving in the wildest regions of Africa. At the same moment and on the most scanty evidence, Sir Roderick Murchison had come to conclusions respecting vast geographical theories, which the two friends simultaneously were moulding into facts for the scientific world.

A unity of purpose seemed as it were to have begotten a sympathy of action and of thought. The same mind, which years before its discovery had foretold the presence of gold in Australia, from geographical explorations in Russia, now

prophesied, nay, insisted, Dr. Livingstone was still alive in Africa.

Such was the opinion I received from Sir Roderick Murchison: The idea of such an end to one so beloved was misery to those who had known the explorer; the doubt was not to be endured. On further comparing notes with the Rev. Horace Waller (than whom no one had been more intimately acquainted with all the Doctor's ways in Africa and plannings in England), I found the same suspicion was common to both of us. Sorry as I was to find it impossible for that gentleman himself to leave England at that juncture, I had from that moment all his co-operation and experience of the requirements necessary to make a rapid dash into the lake regions we had recently left together. A plan was quickly sketched out between us, and we felt it only wanted, humanly speaking, funds to enable us to get at the truth of the story.

To give in detail the results of my volunteering this service to Sir Roderick Murchison, or to speak to all the kindness, the liberality, and the substantial help at once offered me, would take up more time than I am justified in using; suffice it to say the authorities at the Admiralty vied with the Royal Geographical Society in aiding me, collectively and individually, in every way possible to carry out my project. Everywhere a respect was shown towards the very name of Livingstone, which proved that his life was deemed as great a heritage to England as his fame. To Captain Richards, R.N., H.M. Hydrographer at the Admiralty; to Sir Roderick Murchison, at the Royal Geographical Society, and to H. W. Bates, Esq., and Captain George, I am everlastingly indebted.

Sufficient funds were immediately forthcoming, and Her Majesty's Government not only offered ten times the amount of

aid required, but pressed me to use every available means to secure success. And here I must explain. In holding a "council of war" with Mr. Waller, we at once saw that success must be to the few, not to the many. To take a large force of men into the country—even a boat's crew from a man-of-war, much less a gunboat, for the purpose of insisting on intelligence—we knew was out of the question. Previous experience, dearly bought with many lives and vast sums of money, was all our own to profit by. Two, or at the most three companions I wished to take with me; and I sought for them in the handful of men who knew the country.

To enlist Mr. Reid was the work of a penny postage stamp. He had served as carpenter on board the "Pioneer" for a lengthened term on the Zambesi, and his activity and skill were invaluable, I felt, to such an expedition. J. Buckley, an old shipmate when in cruising days in the

Moçambique Channel we were doing much boat service together, was as anxious to join as I was to have him; and then came the question whether we were not a sufficiently effective party.

Several urgent requests were made me to add to the number, and at the last moment Henry Faulkner, Esq., formerly an officer in H.M. 17th Lancers, was enrolled as a volunteer; and I felt that as far as human will and determination could bring about their own portion of success, we had the material to begin with.

In submitting my plans, I had requested that a steel boat might be supplied to the "Livingstone Search Expedition," of a peculiar construction—an entire novelty in fact. In making the ascent of the river Shiré, which drains off the superfluous waters of Lake Nyassa, one is brought to a stand-still at the foot of a long staircase of cataracts, at a place called Ma Titti. For thirty-five miles of latitude, the lake

waters come tearing and leaping and foaming over cascade after cascade, in their descent from the high lake-land of Africa, to the low fever stricken plains through which they are thenceforth permitted to flow uninterruptedly to the sea. To enter the Zambesi, and from its broad channel to strike off up the Shiré, is an easy task for a boat; but the "Murchison falls" lead up to the portion of Africa best worth visiting, and no boat of course can pass. The object of the traveller is to make a detour inland, and launch his boat above all these troubled waters. This accomplished, nothing remains for him thenceforth but to sail up the remainder of the Shiré, and enter its parent lake, the beautiful "Nyassa" of Livingstone's discovery.

I felt that if a boat could be so constructed that one might screw her together in manageable sections—portions, that is, not too heavy for a man to carry—the great

difficulty of ascending these falls would be at an end. We could by this means ascend the rivers, take the boat to pieces at Ma Titti, have her conveyed on men's heads to the upper waters, re-construct her, and so resume the exploration.

Once arrived at Chatham Dockyard, details in hand, I was favoured with the full consideration of the head constructor there, for my tiny plan. Mr. Reid seemed as well able to compass the idea of a steel boat as the largest iron-clad; and a mind full of war's complicated devices, as times go, most heartily threw itself into this undertaking. I am gratefully indebted to Capt. W. H. Stewart, C.B., and P. Thornton, Esq., for much of our success.

We named our little vessel the "Search." As she lay close by the massive sides of the "Monarch" and the "Hercules," then being constructed—truly it seemed a tale of the moods, the ways, and aims of man! If Livingstone had lost his life

and we were to prove it true, he had lost it in an endeavour to overcome and to search out a hideous crime against mankind. It was an atom of that will which had led him into the many bye-paths an Englishman's love of freedom for himself and others will take. If he had perished, the little boat might well steal forth from the huge armour-clad man-of-war's shadow to ascertain the truth. Such men, such motives, and such bravery are the stuff which makes philanthropy what it is in making nations great.

But I must no longer detain the reader. I will merely transfer to these pages the final instructions I received, do away with the usual hand-shakings, the strains of tormenting airs one hears at Plymouth from hard-hearted brass bands, droning out "Home Sweet Home" and such-like cheery mementoes, and then step on board the Cape Mail steamer.

A sea voyage is at best a difficult

thing to make interesting, excepting to those concerned. Ours, unfortunately, contained no departure from the general rule; and to relate how the good ship "Celt" sailed on the 10th June, and "screwed" her way through the peaceful seas that lie between England and the Cape of Good Hope, would but weary the reader. So with an author's license we will embody all in the mere notice of a good and quick passage which brought us into Table Bay on the 12th July.

May 20th, 1867.

Instructions addressed to MR. E. D. YOUNG, *the Leader of the "Livingstone Search Expedition."*

1. The Council of the Royal Geographical Society, relying upon the experience you acquired while serving in a former expedition under Dr. Livingstone, have resolved to entrust to you the command of an expedition with a view to ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the reports respecting the fate of that great traveller, by proceeding to the north end of Lake Nyassa.

2. The Council have taken steps to procure your

passage by the African Mail Packet leaving England on the 9th June for the Cape, where the Admiralty have instructed the Commodore to forward you and your party in one of Her Majesty's ships to the mouth of the Zambesi, and to render you assistance there in putting your boat together.

3. Acting upon your own suggestion, the Council have accepted the gratuitous services of Henry Faulkner, Esq., a gentleman who has volunteered his services, John Reid, a mechanic, and Patrick Buckley, to accompany you on the terms proposed in your letter of the 15th May, who will be under your orders; and in the event of an accident happening to you, Mr. Faulkner is hereby authorized to take charge of the party.

4. The Council rely upon your sagacity and knowledge of the natives in selecting a good negro crew for manning the iron boat with which you will be provided. In reference to this point, and to any obstacles you may meet with on the Zambesi or Shiré, Her Majesty's representative at Lisbon has already been directed to request the Portuguese Government to issue orders to their officials in that region to give you a friendly reception.

5. The Council have caused a map to be furnished to you on which Dr. Livingstone's supposed track is delineated, and they expect you to use your best endeavours to reach the northern end of

the lake as rapidly as possible, in the neighbourhood of which they have little doubt you will be enabled to obtain definite information bearing upon the object of your search; you will, of course, during the voyage, collect all the particulars that can be gathered from natives on the shores of the lake respecting the movements and fate of Dr. Livingstone.

6. You will observe in the map which is furnished you that little is known of the east shore of Lake Nyassa; and the Council trust you will be enabled to fill up this deficiency in the course of your voyage, either going or coming; but it is to be clearly understood that neither geographical research nor the collection of objects in natural history, which it may be desirable that you should pay attention to, are, under any circumstances, to be allowed to interfere with the main purpose of the expedition.

7. The Portuguese Government have given directions to the Governor-General of Mozambique to afford you all the assistance you may require; and you are likewise to furnish yourself with letters to the Governor of Quillimane, as well as the Governor of Tete; and, as you will probably have to visit Sena to procure your crew, you would deliver the former letter to the Governor of that place, who would probably act upon it, and give

you any assistance you may desire. It will be desirable that you should put both the Governors of Sena and Tete in possession of your plans and of the dates, as nearly as you can calculate, on which you will reach Chibisa, both on your outward and homeward route; and you should not lose an opportunity of communicating with one or other of these authorities during the progress of your journey; and especially if it is possible to do so when you reach the head of Lake Nyassa, in the event of your determining to proceed inland in pursuance of the object of your mission. By this opportunity, should it occur, you will enclose to the senior naval officer at the Cape and to the Council of this Society a brief record of your proceedings, your intentions and prospects of carrying them out; under any circumstances, before leaving your boat for any journey into the interior, you will leave in writing with the person you place in charge such a statement, as well as precise instructions for his guidance during your absence.

8. And now, in regard to the propriety or otherwise of undertaking any land journey: you are aware that the last intelligence which was heard of Dr. Livingstone was that he had reached a village between forty and fifty miles to the north-west of the head of the lake; and that he was shortly afterwards said to have been murdered by

the Azitu or Mavite, a tribe of savages who do not occupy the country, but who make occasional marauding excursions for the purpose of plunder.

9. If, therefore, you should reach the head of the lake without having obtained any reliable information of Dr. Livingstone's fate, it will be for you to consider well on the spot whether you can, with a due regard to the safety of your own party, undertake the journey to the village before mentioned. Livingstone, as you are aware, was unaccompanied by any European; you, on the contrary, will have three English companions, and a body of natives accustomed to the habits of the Azitu tribes, and you will all be armed with weapons which the natives do not possess; therefore, it is possible that you may find it practicable and safe to undertake this journey; but you must be guided on the spot by the intelligence which you receive from friendly natives, and by other circumstances which the Council cannot foresee or provide for. They rely on your judgment and discretion in coming to a sound decision on this point, only urging on you that the safety of your own party must be your first consideration; and that if you undertake the journey you must take every prudent precaution for a safe retreat, and on no consideration proceed beyond the limit already mentioned, which, there is reason to be-

lieve, would not occupy you above a fortnight. It will be necessary you should leave one European and a sufficient number of the natives in charge of the boat during your absence.

10. There is but one other point which the Council consider it necessary to advert to, and that is the amount of credence which should attach to any rumours which may reach you on your journey as to the fate of Dr. Livingstone. You are acquainted with the feelings and interests of both the Europeans and natives who occupy these parts of Africa, and are able therefore to appreciate the motives which might give rise to such rumours, either with the view to deter you from advancing in the one case, or to lead you on needlessly in the other. It will be your duty to weigh well any such information. In the face of proof which, though not positive, is conclusive to your own mind, it would be your duty to return; but the Council are of opinion that such proof should consist of something more than hearsay evidence, however strong; that something tangible—something known to have belonged to Livingstone, which he would not have been likely to have parted with voluntarily, should be produced, before you would be justified in turning back short of the limits which have been named as the end of your search; unless, indeed, accident,

or physical obstacles should prevent its accomplishment.

11. The senior naval officer at the Cape of Good Hope has been desired by the Admiralty to further your views to the extent of his ability; and with him you will make such full arrangements as will prevent any misconception as to your plans; and should you see reason to alter them, you will use your best endeavours to make him acquainted with the change.

12. The Council desire you clearly to understand that you must use every possible exertion to return to the coast by or before the end of November, in accordance with the arrangement that has already been made with the Admiralty.

13. They consider it unnecessary to give you more detailed instructions, relying fully on your experience and good judgment; and they trust that you and your party will return to England in health and safety, and that you will derive increased reputation from your conduct of this expedition.

RODERICK MURCHISON,
President of the Royal Geographical Society.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPE—ENLIST NATIVES—THEIR FORMER HISTORY—LEAVE FOR THE ZAMBESI—H.M.S. "PETREL"—THE KONGONE—THE ZAMBESI—VOYAGE UP—THE FISH-HAWK—AN ALARM—BISHOP MACKENZIE'S GRAVE—ENTER THE ELEPHANT MARSH—STALKING ELEPHANTS—ARRIVAL AT CHIBISAS.

As soon as we arrived in Table Bay, I went forthwith to the Rev. J. F. Lightfoot, to enlist his aid in getting that most difficult of all requisites—a faithful interpreter, in our future wanderings. Mr. Lightfoot had voluntarily taken on himself the supervision of forty-two natives, who were brought out of the Zambesi by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Waller in 1864. They had been apprenticed to good masters, and had very much improved under kind treatment; and from this little group of free boys and girls, I knew I could rightly expect the response I needed. They had

in past time owed their liberty to Dr. Livingstone; he and Bishop Mackenzie had cut them out of the Portuguese slave sticks; they had been guarded, provided for, and eventually taken to a place of safety by those who originally undertook to risk all for them; and I felt certain I had only to state my object in coming amongst them again to get the help I wanted. Nor was I mistaken. I selected two boys on whom I could thoroughly depend, Chinsoro and Sinjeri.

The first of these had acted for some years as servant to Mr. Waller, and during his sojourn on the Shiré had shown such a disposition for truthfulness, I could not have been more fortunate than in securing him. He had married an Ajawa girl, named Chasika, remarkable for many good points, and who had always been a special favourite with Dr. Livingstone during two years of great suffering she underwent from acute disease at Magomero and Chibisa's.

They both agreed it was right to do all they could for their former deliverer. Sinjeri's history was almost identical. Liberated from the slavers, he had, during the lifetime of Dr. Dickinson, acted as doctor's boy in the pristine surgery at Chibisa's, whilst the mission party stayed there. For intelligence, the lad could hardly be excelled even under a white skin.

I remember the amusement he used to cause by his endeavours to turn everything to account in helping Dr. Dickinson's microscopical studies. At one time the search for diatoms was the order of the day. Master and boy might be seen taking alternate squints down the tube of the microscope, which revealed new discoveries in this little world of science to white and black mind simultaneously.

Going down for his morning bath one day, the little towel-bearer surprised his master (who was revelling in a staked enclosure in the river, which defeated the long-

ing appetites of crocodiles), by insisting on the immediate return of a canoe that had just put off from shore. Nothing would do but that back it must come. And for what, —because the quick eye of the lad had detected a small bunch of a most diatomy-looking weed clinging to the side of the canoe! With an air of authority the lad removed this and dismissed the disconcerted paddler, to ruminate on the wonderful ways of the English and their boys.

They were much grown when we met thus, after a separation of three years. Terms were quickly arranged, Mr. Lightfoot's ready kindness facilitating matters, for it was a scramble to get off. I had in the meantime communicated with the naval authorities at Simon's Bay, and with the greatest kindness and alacrity H.M.S. "Petrel," Captain Gordon, was ordered round to Cape Town in order that she might embark our boat, stores, &c., without the loss of a day. This was

done on the 15th June, and on the 16th we were round again at Simon's Bay ready for a start.

All had gone well with us. The kindness of everybody leaves it an impossible task to enumerate acts of generosity and activity done by willing hands for our enterprise. I cannot, however, omit to mention Mr. Richard Clarke's name and that of the Rev. J. Rattle: may a far higher reward come to the good hearts of those who bade us "God speed" in this manner, than I am able to offer them.

On the 16th July we quitted Simon's Bay once more for a land full of old associations for me, and henceforth till our return, one most likely to verify its character for trials, disappointments, adventures and toil. The first part of our voyage was very stormy, for four days it blew a gale; still the little corvette made rare work of it, and although the wind was not out of

the quarter we wished, 1,000 miles were logged in that time. The officers aided us in every way, and with plenty to do in preparing for the voyage up the rivers, time could not but fly. Of course the hurry of our embarkation had been a good opportunity for several things to stow themselves away in the "Celt," in such a manner as to avoid a glimpse of the Zambesi. All the small shot had been left behind on the Cape Mail Steamer—a perfect disaster in itself—with the full memory of the flavour of Soriri ducks before us. No matches could we find, but a man-of-war is the best place in the world, short of a London street, to reveal both the want and the kindness to relieve it. There was enough and to spare of everything before we left the "Petrel."

On the 23rd we passed an American ship. By her signals we found she had recently been at Zanzibar, and she reported "No news of Dr. Livingstone." We were

thus relieved of one anxiety which naturally beset us. It was a long time since we had received any intelligence from that island; if the Doctor had been reported safe just after our leaving England, it would have been provoking to come so far on a useless errand; now, this uncertainty was most opportunely dispelled, and we felt we had a fair start.

On the 25th July, after a very quick voyage, we dropped anchor and waited for daylight in the close vicinity of the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi. So difficult to solve is the low mangrove fringe which lines the shore in its mystery of entrances, bars, and shifting passages, we were not surprised to find the Luabo in that interesting state of "breakers" which made it impossible to see an entrance to the river by that route. So we steamed along the coast to the Kongoné.

Here, although the passage in was clearly discernible, we deemed it best to

wait for a better tide on the morrow. The interim was taken up in launching the iron boat and getting all ready. Unmistakable symptoms of leaking showed the necessity of at once hoisting the "Search" on board again. Reid's indefatigable exertions soon succeeded, and with fresh caulking we found the hitherto untried steel boat almost all we could desire. It must be remembered the hurry in her construction had been so great, that there had not been time even to set her afloat at Chatham before we left, for it was a matter of night and day work to construct her so quickly, that the Cape steamer could be caught in June.

July 27th. At daylight we again launched the "Search," and likewise two whale boats we intended to take up the rivers with us; we loaded them and also two of the "Petrel's" cutters, and at 10 a.m. pulled in for the bar. This we crossed in grand style, accompanied by several officers who

went ashore in hopes of procuring game, with which the coast abounds. I at once set about stowing the boats, and an hour passed away during which time all sorts of conflicting thoughts came up. The Kongoné mouth of the Zambesi had always been a *bête noire* in the service. Many accidents had happened in times gone by in communicating with Livingstone's party, and, perhaps, some of the most weary watchings had from time to time been passed on this identical spot, that ever fell to that sorely tried type of humanity—the African traveller. The officers returned to us unsuccessful. Again the hearty three-times-three cheers rang out, whilst the heart filled and the "Amen" came to the "God speed you old fellows." We watched the boats, smaller, smaller, away; we were then alone.

But if the soil knew us by this time—and, alas! not many paces from us was solemn testimony to the Englishman's

fight with Africa—the natives had only known us in times past to feel joy at our return. Senhor Mesquita, who formerly put in an appearance from time to time as the representative of Portuguese power, had succumbed to the climate. The neighbouring sand banks, and, indeed, all the features of the place had been changed by a recent flood. Pearl Island had disappeared, and on the whole the bar and the passage were much better for communication than on previous occasions.

I had no difficulty in engaging a native crew to work under me to Shupanga, but an immediate start was out of the question, and I had, with great reluctance, to pass the night here in our steel boat which yet leaked very much more than was pleasant.

There is something very singular about these *embouchures* of African rivers. At first sight the long dark avenues of mangrove trees, through which the channels

discharge their waters, do away with the idea of solitude. It seems as if the hand of man had been at work. The trees appear to have been trimmed to a level at the top, and they overhang the rivers far too methodically to impress the mind with the utter loneliness that really haunts such localities. The first impression is anything but disagreeable, and not a fair introduction to the vastness and grandeur of the interior country. The Zambesi, it must be remembered, enters the sea by a great variety of channels. It has ceased to exist as a river some forty miles above the sea. The waters of one of the grandest streams imaginable find their way as best they can to the ocean when they become entangled in the swampy delta which lies between its broad channel and the sea.

The full desolation of the scene is withheld till one sees a canoe stealing along under the shadow of the overhanging

trees. Black in color, manned by two, or even one dark crouching form, frightened at the appearance of the stranger, it seems as if the denizens of such a wilderness were ashamed to be found there—as if it were an intrusion on a solitude which is too real. To confirm this, the traveller has but to set foot amongst the mangroves; all the outward trim order vanishes in an instant. It is a deceitful garb of green, hung over a tangle of poles—living, dying, and dead—which stick out of a sickening filthy mud bed, defying the searcher to venture many yards.

The next day we made a final agreement with the natives, the only disagreeable being a demand for double pay, which I had to accede to. Chinsoro and Sinjeri lost no time in assuming, in the most substantial manner, that it was far better they should take command of all black people, from the first start. This claim they founded on the fact of their residence

with the English: it necessitated a keeping up of such good appearances as they thus took upon themselves to exhibit in evidence of their contact with things civilized, so I did not object. They worked admirably.

We started at 8 a.m. on the 6th of August, with a fine breeze, and soon made the narrow canal, which communicates with the main stream of the Zambesi, and which, hitherto, Dr. Livingstone had used in the "Pioneer." But it was now so choked up we had difficulty in forcing our way through. Once on the Zambesi, a good breeze served us, and I was so anxious to press on, I allowed barely time for a hasty mid-day meal.

We carried the breeze till sunset, and were just camping on a sand bank, when down came squall after squall, with so much rain, we were soon wet through and made an uncomfortable night of it. I dealt out quinine, knowing by experience the ordi-

nary effects of a ducking like this. I may add that rain at this time of the year is most unusual, though by no means to be classed as a phenomenon. It comes just at the right season for cultivation, and ensures, as it were, an extra crop throughout the land.

Thus ended our first Sunday. Badly, some will say, but I must call to the reader's mind that we were now in an unhealthy part of the country, pushing on for one in which our task lay, and this task an urgent one in point of time. Constant exercise both of body and mind, we have found, by former experience, the very best preventive of fever, and in no case was the rule of the Sunday's rest broken through without it appeared advisable to do so after thoughtful consideration by him to whom the command of the party and its welfare were entrusted, and mainly on the grounds of his former experience.

The next day broke with showers of rain, but no wind. We set to work towing the boats along the bank till the wind came, and made sail at 9.30 with a fair breeze which we held till brought up by a sand bank. We noticed as we passed along, a regular stampede amongst such women as might be washing their water pots, &c., by the river. Our boatmen told us they feared we were Portuguese, which shows something rather rotten in the state of things, considering we were in their territory.

We sighted Mount Morambala, distant some thirty miles as the crow flies, at 3 p.m., and shortly afterwards came to Mazaro which used to be a species of fortress. It is a stockade of piles driven into the ground to afford security to a few miserable half-castes. They are kept in by this means: I have described how the crocodiles are kept out by a somewhat similar contrivance, in order to render a bath safe; but which is the greatest curse to the country, Portuguese

impotency or crocodiles? perhaps it would be hardly fair to ask the natives, although it would draw forth a very unanimous opinion.

But now Mazaro was deserted; Sr. Vianna its late owner had died; a flood had swept over the country; the Landheens, a tribe of Caffres, had even got to the bottom of the black mail levied on the Portuguese, and a remnant of their former power seemed as difficult to find as a comfortable place for a night's lodging.

On the morrow we passed the ruins of Vianna's place, and shortly after, wishing to make Shupanga, we stood across the river which here must be nearly three miles wide. It was a difficult task, owing to the deep draught of the boats. However, it was worth all the trouble, if only to be greeted by one of our old hands, who used to work with us on the "Pioneer," an honest fellow enough, a host in himself, and good for a host of allies we might be

sure, in the event of our wanting them to continue our voyage with. His name, or rather his nick-name (derivation utterly unknown), is "John Gaitty," and nothing could surpass his delight at seeing us.

Here let me remark, that had additional weight been required to add to the full and perfect conviction we held afterwards in our own minds as to the results of previous explorations, it would have been supplied by such instances as these. It is a mistake, one of a thousand others in judging the native mind, to suppose it unassailable in its natural reticence. True, the new comer has a barrier of mistrust, misconception, and fear to break through, that precludes any firm reliance on what is told him on native testimony alone. But once let this barrier be removed by long contact and by upright unswerving integrity of purpose, then, I know no one so firmly turned to be your ally at all points as the poor native who has tried you and has not found you

wanting. Here it will be out of place to say more on this question. I will only remind the reader that since the beginning of 1864 the English had never been in this land at all, and I am merely anxious that the effect of their former sojourn should be traced, step by step, as we journey onwards.

We learned that one of the men who had accompanied Dr. Livingstone to Bombay in 1864, had returned to Shupanga, stating his master was not dead. I knew the man well, "Chiko" by name, and was anxious to see him, although it was quite clear he could know nothing of the real story we were sifting out. We were hard at work at the paddles all day, but the current being too strong, we failed to make Shupanga and had to pass the night provokingly near to it.

The next day the news of our approach brought a small fleet of canoes, and we were glad to see many old faces. Arriving at Shupanga, Mr. Faulkner and I at once visited the grave of Mrs. Livingstone

under the enormous Baobab tree which stands over it. We found it in good condition, and our old comrades on the Shiré fetched their hoes and cleared all the grass away from it for us. The greatest respect seemed to be shown for the memory of one so dear to a man whose fame is fair and clear both to friend and former foe wherever our steps lead us.

I learnt to-day that some Portuguese had been across from the vicinity of Senna to the Shiré on a raid against the party of Makololo we had left as settlers there. It was reported the cattle belonging to them and all they possessed had been carried off: this really did seem very bad news to us.

Shupanga itself, a good strong house on the right bank of the Zambesi, say forty miles from the confluence of the Shiré, we found entirely deserted. The Landheens, an off-shoot of the Matabelé under Muanakoos, had given its occupant very significant notice to quit in order that the real

holders of the country might do what they liked with their own; bats seemed the only tenants of the ruined place.

I now discharged the men we had brought thus far from the Kongoné mouth, and shipped fresh hands to serve under me, knowing many of them in former years, and congratulating myself on the trust and confidence they placed in us.

Before starting I saw to the plastering and whitewashing of Mrs. Livingstone's tomb, and having paid the men who performed this duty, we started up the river at 1 p.m. Stopping for a few minutes on the left bank at a village, I found "Chiko," the very man I was in search of. I soon discovered that the last he had seen of the Doctor was when he discharged him at Zanzibar in 1866, and that he had been brought down to Quillimane thence in a trading vessel. I questioned him very closely, and I have subsequently ascertained his story to be a correct one; we

anchored for the night when the sun went down. In this country, let me add, one has some twenty-five minutes to eat, drink, and turn in, after the sun dips: darkness follows almost immediately; what would not one give for the long beautiful evenings of higher latitudes!

The next day we started at 7 a.m., and should have made a good run of it, but unfortunately the river is so shoal now, a fair wind is the more provoking. Indeed the Zambesi from this time till November is a vast Sahara, interspersed with pools, runnels, narrow channels, and *cul de sacs*, into which one is continually getting led. We towed the boats for some way, and stopped about mid-day to call on a Portuguese, one Sigarata; he was, however, absent at Senna. Soon afterwards we came to our first real grief, for the iron work of our steel boat's mast carried away. The natives were only too anxious to trade with us everywhere. It seems as if the outer ring

of misery caused by the American war had extended here. Calico had been at such a fabulous price, little or none evidently had found its way into the country in exchange for ivory and slaves. Hitherto we had always seen the natives on the Portuguese plantations decently begirdled in "cloth," but now it was sadly conspicuous by its absence, and indeed, but for the extreme carrying out of French fashions at home, in the case of the ladies, it might have been almost too much for European eyes. It is true they might be a trifle too dark for the exact tint deemed so fashionable when we left England, but they were not one bit overdressed; even to suit the most fastidious of costumiers. However, it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and for two yards of the much coveted calico we could purchase twelve good sized fowls.

We were up at daylight on the 5th August, Reid showing himself the indefatigable jack-of-all-trades and sufficiently

master of one to get our mast shipped again after some hard work. We got off at 8.30, late for us. For the first time I thought I detected symptoms of fever in one of our party, Stacey. We had no wind to-day, and the heat in consequence became very great, but our men worked well together, and seemed quite satisfied with their wages, which were sixteen yards of calico per month. Thunder storms broke over us at night, and as we had been unable to find good camping ground, the rain caused us to pass a miserable night in the wet boat.

The following morning, after breakfast, we proceeded as far as the huts of a Portuguese, Senhor Francisco. He was very obliging, offering us wine and biscuits, but as the wind was fair we did not break our day's work more than ten minutes. He told us the news had reached him of Dr. Livingstone's death, and that the Ma Zitu were his murderers. How many times has

the story of my old chief's death passed up and down this river! In 1863 it was the rumour everywhere, even to minute details of his last moments. I learnt subsequently that this news had come from Zanzibar, *not from the interior*, which was a comfort.

We arrived at Senna at 5 p.m. In former times it was tenanted by a little group of slave and ivory dealers, Senhor Ferrao standing out in bold relief for his well-known hospitality to all comers, and his universal goodness to his slaves. We were grieved to hear he was no more, but his son received us most hospitably. From him we gathered that the Landheen Caffres had not only destroyed the once important town of Tette on the right bank of the river above us, but that they had also killed 130 of the European convict troops and three officers, taking the Governor prisoner into the bargain. Sorry as we naturally felt for the loss of life, it was but

a source of gratification to learn that this nucleus of infamy had at last been done away with.

Tette had hitherto been the great head-quarters of a slave traffic which had brought desolation into the country in which we were about to travel. From this land, to the north of Tette, women and children were collected, no matter at what cost of life and bloodshed, to be transported to the tribes on the south of the Zambesi, in exchange for ivory. These tribes, to whom they were thus sold as slaves, had been so long at war hardly any but the fighting men remained. The trader's ready sagacity saw that instead of paying enormous import duties on calico, beads, muskets, &c., if he could only collect these poor things instead and make barter goods of them, all such drawbacks would be avoided. Livingstone's discoveries, his free roaming through the Shiré uplands, his reports of a teeming population, indus-

trious and peaceable, just furnished the desired hunting ground for the Tette men. In 1861, when the Doctor returned there accompanied by Bishop Mackenzie and his followers, to his disgust he first learnt the use that his exertions had been turned to. Pillage, murder and fire were throughout the land. Two of the lads we now had with us were liberated from gangs of slaves they encountered on the way, and which were being marched off to Tette under guard of the Governor's servants and the employés of the principal merchants there. This continued steadily throughout the sojourn of the mission party in Africa. The whole country was laid waste. Tribe was set against tribe; the strong sided with against the weak, the captives bought at a price varying from two to four yards of calico a-piece, and the population had thus become exterminated in the hills.

No tribe at war can survive beyond two

years. If cultivation is at a standstill in the wet months, starvation and disease leave nothing but the white bones where once the corn fields stood. We heard from Senhor Ferrao that one Bonga had crossed to our old quarters at Chibisa's and taken the cattle of the Makololo. We lodged a protest against this, as the cattle were in fact partly our own, under an agreement with the Makololo when Dr. Livingstone left in 1864.

As Senhor Ferrao seemed desirous that we should call on the military officer at Senna, we crossed the Zambesi from the left bank, to which the inhabitants of the town had fled for refuge. It took us two hours and a half owing to the extreme intricacy of the navigation.

We were informed that two years since a most unusual flood had swept over the country. Hitherto the Zambesi had been content with its own broad channel: now, however, it had struck across country to

join the Shiré much higher up than of yore. In doing this it has formed a large inland lake by putting most of the intervening land under water. Of course, it is a severe tax on the narrow channel of the Shiré, which, after receiving this additional influx some twenty miles above its former junction with the Zambesi, empties the united flood again into the Zambesi below Senna. The river between these two points, that is, between the departure from the main bed and the re-entrance, is nearly impassable, from its shallowness.

The officer in command, a major in the Portuguese army, received us courteously. He has 100 men under him and they afford a kind of protection to a few inhabitants who still linger in the place. A strong stockade encloses all: the town itself was in ruins.

Having finished our visit, we returned to the other side. We were very anxious to try this new route into the Shiré, which

we had heard of, instead of going the two weary sides of a triangle to reach it twenty miles below us, nature having so kindly provided us with a short cut.

Two guides were lent to us, and at it we went, little did I anticipate what a perilous passage it was! Once in the current, our boats were hurried along like leaves in a mill sluice, and to stop was impossible. The first part lay through trees, and the danger of being dashed against "snags" was every minute recurring. There was nothing to do but "carry on," although it felt more like being in a railway train than a boat: once only did we receive a bad bump and most fortunately it neither capsized nor stove us. This headlong career kept on till we made a large open space, and we were very glad to cast anchor on a mudbank for the night.

Next morning we soon began to find our "short cut" was likely to give us much trouble. The river branched in a hundred

different directions, and at last we came to a lake, which was all very well if we could only hit on the egress from it into the Shiré. It seemed about five miles broad and varied in depth from four fathoms to a few feet in places. There was nothing for it but to pull all along the shore, and eventually we succeeded in finding the right channel and were soon in the Shiré, three miles above Mount Morambala. Mr. Faulkner killed our first hippopotamus to-day. Some of the delicious ducks which abound beyond all belief in these marshes, made us a good meal, although we had nothing but a mudbank again to encamp on.

The passage of the Morambala marsh fairly holds its own as the most perplexing thing for patience and temper that could be undertaken. It is in such spots as these I am describing that animal life abounds beyond conception. The plentiful supply of water, the rank vegetation for

cover and for food, and the patches of forest, afford all that the antelope tribe and the large game of Africa require. Elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo are very plentiful, whilst waterbuck, zebra, hartebeest, and numerous other animals stray about in mixed herds. The labour of penetrating far in these marshes is terrible, nay impossible, except when the dry season is at its height: then of course the heat is fearful. Still there is a wild kind of charm connected with them. Acres of azure blue lilies hide the water in places, and for the moment deceive the eye which has acknowledged day by day the similar hue above. Hollyhocks and convolvuli are amongst the reeds, the palm tree's stateliness and the acacia's blossoms are things that fix themselves on the mind; the mists are whiter, the cries of the birds wilder, the largeness larger, and the stillness of the dawn more still upon these lagoons than anywhere else. All nature by consent

seems to acknowledge this reign of stillness, knowing that sound travels so easily and swiftly over water and through white fog. Rarely is silence broken, and then only by sounds which utter allegiance to the scene. It is the lion's roar before the dawn, the hippopotamus' trumpet vibrating over the glassy expanse of water as day breaks, and the shriek, as from another world, of the fish-hawk—these sounds are allowable and allowed in the Shiré marshes. The report of a gun is sacrilege; a bird's song would be destruction. By the pools stand white, ghostly-looking bitterns, bleached for night, whose very lustreless eyes seem sworn to perpetual silence: they rise from the sedge in flakes; they slide a few boats' lengths over the water and then settle down again, lifeless and alone. Myriad strings of geese move twice a day, when the scene shifting *must* be done, — that is when sun rises and sun sets—but they

do it as noiselessly as they can. Troops of pelicans pass here and there, quartering the heavens into long lines with the geese, but no noise comes from them, they never move again when once they alight unless disturbed, for all and everything must help to keep all still. Nature has her moods and her set places to brood in silent and alone. Those who invade them feel the spell and acknowledge it, far better is it to pass on quickly.

Our man, Stacey, was suffering a great deal from a bad hand and we lost his services in steering one of the boats. Out of one difficulty, another met us, for taking a wrong turning in the reeds, we found ourselves in a second lake to the north of the Shiré's proper course and paddled about it in the most hopeless way for hours. The natives amused us much by their custom of whistling for the wind to come, but it was not so faithful as it is to similar invocations on salt water, and nothing came of it:

weary and tired we at last made the river again. Some idea of the density of vegetation may be formed when I state that we were amongst thick rushes in three fathoms of water, and through these reeds we cut our way for two hours, in our endeavours to reach the river. We camped at night, but sleep was almost impossible.

I have often heard of men to whom mosquitoes were merely a matter of "never bite me, Sir," but I should just like to try the experiment at this veritable Shoebury-ness. I will not go so far as to say I can confirm the assertion that at the Kongoné there is one particular sort that penetrates through the heels of one's boots by preference, but this I can state, that I believe a rhinoceros would be just as fair game as a white man, or a black one either, to the voracious pests that fed on us this night. All hands looked anxiously for the first dawn of day, for no armour of blankets or clothing was proof against the enemy.

Things seem very little changed since we last passed down the river in 1864. There lived here at that time a man named Mariano, nominally a rebel against the Portuguese, but in reality a miscreant who played into their hands by collecting slaves in the most barbarous raids and supplying them to Senna and Quillimane. He died before we left, but I heard to-day from some half-starved natives on the bank of the river that his successor, adopting his name and profession, was pillaging and devastating higher up the river as Mariano had done before him.

It was monotonous work throughout the day—high walls of rushes on either side, paddle, paddle, paddle against the current, not a breath of wind, and a sort of compound interest of mosquitoes when night came to us. No one had any sleep this night.

The 11th was Sunday; to halt was impossible in such a place, so we continued our voyage. We had established a rule to

have short prayer and a portion of the Scriptures read morning and evening each day. I cannot too urgently speak for the practice of unswervingly adhering to such rules as these. To say it is impossible, is at once to proclaim incompetency for carrying out either discipline, order, or regularity, and I have little faith in any expedition, little or big, which cannot aim at a high tone in its daily conduct. Mr. Faulkner also would often bring back to us the full train of thought which breaks on one in any quarter of the globe when a familiar chant or hymn tune is played. His admirable skill on the cornet-a-piston tided us over many weary moments.

We came at last to a native village called Kolubvi, its trees were a welcome sight after the everlasting rushes: right glad were the natives to see us, for they were old friends. We cut the necessary quantity of wood for our fires, and as

the villagers had cleared away the grass around their huts, we managed to get a night's rest free of mosquitoes.

We resumed our voyage with much more pleasant prospects. At this point the Shiré leaves off writhing and turning about in the interminable marsh flats, and leads one through a remarkably pretty country. Hills lie on either side. On the left the Kolubvi range is within two miles, and on the right, that of Chikanda stands back, say three times as far, being distinguished by its bold sugar-loaf peak cropping out above the main ridge. Life seems to reign once more. Beautiful trees festooned with creepers and convolvuli line the river banks, and birds flit hither and thither. Nor must I omit special mention here of the presiding genius, the splendid fish-hawk, the *Haliœtus Vocifer* of naturalists. It is impossible ever to forget his weird impressive cry as he flies on and on ahead. The natives erect traps for the Hippopo-

tami here and there consisting of high forked poles, from which are suspended poisoned spears: on these or the branch of a dead tree sits the bird. Nothing catches the eye so quickly as his large snow-white head and beautiful chocolate-coloured wings, which at their full expanse measure between six and seven feet.

He may be seen soaring over the water, now throwing back his head to give his wild laugh, which rings from rock to rock, and anon dashing down into the water to seize a fish. When this is secured with his talons, he either flies off with it to a sand bank, or if, as sometimes happens, it becomes a question of mere strength which shall conquer, he will consent to be dragged along the surface till he can at last make sail again, and lead his tired captive to a shoal place.

I was very glad to-day to think we had come thus far with an empty sick list. At all risks I was determined to carry

out my own conviction, which is, that nothing but constant exercise of mind and body will ward off fever, and I cannot too strongly urge this upon all who shall undertake similar enterprises. We had excellent appetites besides, and plenty to eat.

The hill on which the presiding spirit of the Shiré valley reigns, was passed to-day, the 12th of August. It forms the extreme peak of the Kolubvi hills, and the natives year by year resort to it to listen to the dictates of an unhappy woman who is incarcerated upon it in a hut. She is the wife of a spirit, who once in the human form, as a distinguished chief called M'Bonar, brought the Manganja tribe to him to listen to his laws. Now, he is supposed to speak through a prophetess, who is constantly being renewed, for death generally relieves the office of its tenant in a year or two. The worst of it is, any man's wife may be seized at a moment's notice as a successor, and great is the

dismay when it is known "Zarima's" life has fled from the lone hill top.

We shot some guinea fowl to-day, and on explaining who we were, got a most hospitable reception at a village, in which people declared that the English were the best people they had ever known. Before leaving this spot we filled up with provisions and bought plenty of fowls, promising to call again on our way down. There was nothing particular in this day's journey, but we got a considerable alarm at night.

Coming to a convenient place at sundown, we set fire to the grass to burn a clear space sufficient for a camping ground, and this done, we discussed our evening meal. In a moment, without the least warning, there was a rush, and a large body of natives dashed through the fire, armed with bows, poisoned arrows, spears and muskets. We had not been under the slightest apprehension of anything of the

kind. We were separated from our boats and arms, and to regain them was an instant's thought. However, this was needless. Once face to face, the natives seemed to think there was some mistake, and, to our mutual delight, the bare suspicion that we were English, sufficed to make them lay down their arms. In an instant everything changed. They told us they dreaded lest we were some of Mariano's horde of ruffians, but the boats they saw before them "told their hearts the English, who used to be amongst them, had returned once more to visit them." They informed us we were very close to the junction of the Ruo with the Shiré, and we soon saw that our camping ground was hard by poor Bishop Mackenzie's grave.

On the 14th at daybreak we went on to Malo, the island on which the Bishop expired, after a few days waiting there for the passing of Dr. Livingstone's ship in 1862.

The story is too well known for me to repeat it here, but there was one circumstance I recall to mind forcibly, which it is as well to narrate, because it is a most important characteristic in the dealings of these tribes with each other, and with any white strangers in particular. Bishop Mackenzie expired in February 1862, of fever. The Rev. H. Burrup, who was with him, was at the time so seriously ill he could only just attend to the last rites due to one whom all mourn the loss of so much. Knowing Dr. Livingstone would probably return soon, and feeling that death was inevitable if he stayed there, he wrote an account of the circumstances and handed the letter over to the custody of the chief of Malo, together with other papers, which he was assured should be given to the first white men passing up the river. A few weeks afterwards Capt. Wilson, of H.M.S. Gorgon, together with Dr. Kirk and a large party, including Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup,

came to this spot on their way to join the Universities' mission party, as they hoped.

Not a word was said of the Bishop's death. Not a sign came to them that a white man had recently been there. All was stolid ignorance and short answer, and they passed on without knowing that one was sleeping there in the tall reeds beside them whom they had come so many thousand miles to reach. The key to this silence was the universal dread lest the Bishop's death should be laid to their charge. Long afterwards, when concealment was impossible, the natives showed where the grave was and delivered up the letters. The reader will find that this point will come into bearing very strongly when we are further in our explorations.

To-day all was joy to see us. Troops of fowl sellers, and women with Indian corn, &c., assembled round us. After an interview with the chief we crossed over to the main land, and visited the grave of

the Bishop *(see illustration)*. I luckily discovered a man here who, I knew well in former times, Da'dwa by name. He volunteered to do all I wished after a little present, and promised me that on my down voyage I should see the grave banked up to a height of five feet at least. Nothing could exceed the friendliness of the natives here; all was confidence and civility towards us.

Leaving Malo we now had to enter on a most trying part of our journey. The "Elephant marsh" (as we have always called it from the vast numbers of elephants that herd in it) commences immediately above Malo, and one sees neither tree nor bush for nearly thirty miles. To make matters worse, all is a dead level of high reeds. Islands, sand banks, side streams, backwaters, and an inflowing river from the north, perplex the traveller in keeping the proper channel by day, whilst for mosquitoes, it is a toss up which

Bishop Mackenzie's Grave.

is the worst, this or the Morambala marsh by night. Woe to the unwary one who does not take in sufficient wood, for the journey through the marsh, where no wood is. Cooking in the pungent smoke of pithy reeds would have tempted Soyer himself to go supperless to bed.

It was here that Livingstone once at his wits, or rather his wood's end, found his steamer unable to proceed for want of fuel. He had expended far more than he expected to use from being some hours on a sand bank. Most fortunately, the skeleton of an elephant lay hard by, and with its bones the stoker got up steam enough to reach the next wooding place. To-day, wind and everything failed us. We got into a blind channel where the water ran like a mill race. To paddle was as impossible as to tow, from the swampy state of the banks, so nothing remained for us but to pull ourselves, hand over hand, up stream by the rushes on the bank. At

night the mosquitoes were upon us in myriads and a sorry time of it we had.

To-day, 15th August, there was some little variation in the tedium of our journey. In the afternoon we sighted a herd of ten elephants, standing on an island in the river. Such an opportunity of airing our sporting proclivities was not to be lost, so, approaching as silently as possible, we bore down upon them. The elephants, however, were quickly aware of our approach, and moved off to the mainland. Mr. Faulkner landed with me and it was agreed we should attack them together.

Where the ground is heavy and poached with the feet of these huge animals it is always wiser to hunt in this way rather than singly, inasmuch as the companion shot can oftentimes afford help to his comrade if sudden grief comes to him. We were tolerably successful in the stalk, although we were soon separated. Mr. Faulkner succeeded in killing a fine young

bull elephant by one shot in the head, whilst, to my utter chagrin, the only chance which fell to my lot was lost by the missfire of a cartridge belonging to a very heavy rifle I had brought on purpose for large game. We should have done better with them had not the natives with us gone off into such an ecstasy at the sight of the dead beast, that their shouts were as successful in bringing every one to us from the boats, as they were in setting the rest of the herd off, pell mell, across the marshes.

The next morning, after an early breakfast off elephant's trunk, which, let me add, is most excellent, we got under weigh, and had not gone very far before we met natives, who told us the Makololo were at war with the Manganja. These few words seemed to cut out all the interval that had elapsed since we left the country in 1864.

War was the last word we heard in these regions, the first to greet us on our return!

The wind increased to a stiff breeze at mid-day and as it was in our favour we made a capital run of it, although the rain fell incessantly. Unfortunately, the boats got separated, and it was a long, wearisome job at night firing guns to attract attention to the rendezvous. At last we were all assembled, very late, very wet, very tired, with no possibility of getting a fire lighted, so we dosed ourselves with quinine and resigned ourselves to the charms of a drenching night.

We had now arrived at the village of Mankokwi, the chief-paramount over a host of little villages along the Shiré banks between the Elephant marsh and Chibisa's. It is true the Mankokwi of other days was dead, but his son was there in his stead. All was terror. The Makololo, who had always been very jealous of him, were about to attack him and drive him out; our guns at night-time frightened them out of their

wits as they could not understand what was taking place whilst we were signalling for the boats to come to us.

The weather mended sufficiently on the following morning to enable us to breakfast with something like comfort, and beyond some stiff joints amongst us, the drenching did no harm. We had not proceeded very far before we saw that Mankokwi's fears were not idle, for a large party of Ajawa,* fully armed, were drawing towards his village on the war path. One novelty we saw for the first time. Shields and spears were their equipment, in lieu of the bow and arrow. Thus the well defined line has been broken down which has for ages separated tribes of the Caffre blood from those we had dwelt amongst, and by the merest infusion of the foreign element. A shield, or any approach to fighting at close

* The word Ajawa will be used throughout, in lieu of the other name by which the tribe is known, viz: Waïou, more to the north. The Manganja are likewise called by a different name around the Lake, viz., Nyassa. As a rule the Ajawas call the Manganja, Nyassas, and, *vice versa*, the Manganja call the Waïou, Ajawa.

quarters, was hitherto unknown. But a handful of Makololo brought here by Dr. Livingstone in 1861, had thus far revolutionised the tactics of war. Africa and Europe present a singular contrast in one respect. The army of savages that will but go in at close quarters, instead of playing at long bowls with arrows and muskets, invariably wins the day. In this way the great Dingan, foremost amongst Caffre chiefs, won his battles, and decimated the country before we held Natal. He insisted on every assigai being broken in two, so that there was nothing left for it but to charge home and stab, and to this day it is the secret of all the success of the Caffres against the surrounding tribes, and makes the Ma Zitu, whose names we began to hear whispered, the scourge they are in the land.

We were now coming to a part of the Shiré every yard of which revived old recollections, and a little further on we en-

countered a well-known face,—there stood one of our old comrades, the Makololo! The news spread from village to village like wild fire: "the English!" "the English!"

We found a very large population where we had left a scanty one. The whole place was in an uproar. Crowd after crowd came to the bank of the river, and the shouting, dancing, and clapping of hands told its own tale. It was a welcome although a deeply thoughtful moment. What had been done, what might still be done with such good feeling as a groundwork? Arrived at Chibisa's it seemed as if all the surrounding country had gathered together to greet us. The people rushed into the river to drag our boats to shore, calling out continually, "Our fathers the English are come again! Here is Mr. Young! Mr. Young! Mr. Young!" They were wild with delight.

It never before fell to my lot to be so

much the victim of popularity. Shaking hands had been instituted in former times in lieu of the native clapping; and now nothing would do but that man, woman, and child should go through the ceremony.

Very little alteration had taken place since we left in 1864; the principal one I noticed to be the desertion of the island in the river opposite Chibisa's, called Dakanamoio. We were informed that ever since the extraordinary flood, which has been alluded to, the island has been covered with snakes. To make matters worse, the crocodiles seemed to claim affinity with these more distinct reptile invaders, and had made it most unsafe to sleep there. To cultivate it or to watch the crops at night was too hazardous an undertaking to justify the risk of life incurred. Further on in our travels we had occasion to witness the extraordinary boldness which these creatures now assume, as compared with their habits in earlier years.

Women were constantly being carried off, we were told by these brutes. The crocodile's plan is to wait till he finds his unfortunate victim standing ankle deep in the water washing her earthen water jars, he then dashes at the poor woman, sweeps her off her feet with a blow of his tail, and turning round he seizes her as a pike would a bait, and carries her off into deep water, there to devour the body at leisure. At night every available drum was set to work, and if noise betokens joy, surely it was a white stone day at Chibisa's!

18th. Early this morning the Makololo came down to a man, and as the crowd was too great for anything like peace, I took them all into the steel boat, and went into "ways and means." I told them the whole story, and the object of our coming amongst them once more. I knew that troublesome as they had been in past years to us and to Dr. Livingstone on his previous

lake voyage, still, there was a deep-rooted veneration in their hearts for their old intrepid leader, and that his name through fair and foul, held them under a certain spell. They answered me through their chief, Maloko, in the quaint and perfect form with which a savage addresses his hearers in council assembled. "Mr. Young, 'Narki' (the name by which Dr. Livingstone goes) was our father; and you who were out here with him, behaved well to us during your former stay. You are as our father now, and we will go anywhere with you, and do anything you wish us to do." I stated my conditions in plain terms to them. They replied: "You may give us what you please, only tell us what to do."

Accordingly I arranged that no time should be lost. I would sail on to Ma Titti, the foot of the long chain of cataracts which comes down a staircase of waterfalls for thirty-five miles. I would there take the boat to pieces, and they must repair to

the spot, twelve miles distant, without delay, bringing with them men they would be responsible for to carry the various steel sections, and our baggage, provisions, &c., to a point above the falls.

But it would indeed be odd if all our old worries were absent. Formerly, every sentence was concluded with "Ah! the Ajawa!" now it was "Ah! the Ma Zitu!!" They informed me that this tribe had carried destruction and slaughter all through the hill land since we left. Striking off from Lake Nyassa, they had come south, and were even now on the hills before us, encamped at Magomero, where formerly the Universities' Mission fixed its quarters. Sallying out thence, they had come in great numbers to the Shiré Valley; one band actually was seen on the opposite bank of the river. The Makololo had attacked this reconnoitreing party, and killed three of the number. Now they could not tell but what a stronger force might at any

time cross the river lower down if Mankokwi, the old enemy of the Makololo, ferried them across, and it was only half-heartedly, I could see, that they undertook to leave their homes at such a juncture.

Before proceeding on my journey, I went to the site of the former mission station, which is within a quarter of a mile of Chibisa's. My object was to see if anything remained of the graves of the Rev. H. Scudamore, and Dr. Dickinson, the surgeon, who fell under the hardships of those inexperienced days and the influence of the climate.

I was greatly pleased to find that the natives, to whom these gentlemen had been so dear, had, year by year, with great forethought cleared away the grass that surrounded the burying-place. In the dry season, fire sweeps annually across the country, the grass is like the driest straw, from three to four feet high, and of course, but for this precaution, I

should have been sorely puzzled to find a vestige remaining. Over each grave there had been a solid wooden cross erected when the burials took place. I found that what with white ants and natural decay, these were very dilapidated and the fragments lay on the ground.

But it was not from any inattention that they had not been restored. I asked the natives why, as they had taken so much pains in one way, they could not have banked up the earth and secured the crosses in their places.? Their reply was, that one of the party on leaving, had said amongst his last words, that, "on no account were they to touch the graves, nor to suffer them to be interfered with;" thus scrupulously had the poor fellows carried out their promise that they would obey him. I had the graves fully restored before leaving the river.

CHAPTER III.

REACH THE CATARACTS—ARRANGE FOR PORTERS—OLD FRIENDS—WAR'S ALARMS — WE START BY LAND — AN AFRICAN "GRILLER"—EFFECTS OF SLAVE TRADE—MURCHISON FALLS SURMOUNTED—AFLOAT AGAIN—STARTLING NEWS—LIVINGSTONE OR ARABS—HOW CAME HE HERE—PAMALOMBI—THE LAKE AT LAST—FULL SAIL AND FULL CRY—A BURNING SCENT, WHICH HOLDS ON WATER AS WELL AS LAND.

On the 19th of August ended one chapter of our journey. We reached Ma Titti and commenced at once to build a hut, transferring our stores to it and taking the boat to pieces.

Reflecting on the journey up, we had everything to be thankful for to Him who had spared us, even from a day's sickness, in a land where our countrymen's bones lie on either side the river, witnesses to the climate of the low lands. I repeat that it establishes one fact I cannot too strongly urge on all future travellers, viz., that safety lies in constant action and employment of body as well as of mind. The first is im-

perative; the second will always be afforded in the circumstances of a residence in a country which brings its adventure almost daily, and its trials of patience, sagacity, and active humanity, incessantly. We had accomplished in twenty-one days that which had taken weary months to do in craft less suited to the navigation, and, but for the calling at Senna, we should have made the voyage thus far in fifteen days.

The Makololo informed us that some time previously a Portuguese named Belchior had come from the vicinity of Tette with a large force of men, armed with guns, and being ferried across the river by Mankokwi had succeeded in attacking them at great disadvantage. They had little powder and made a bad fight of it against such odds, losing a great quantity of ivory and all the cattle we had left with them in 1864; they were determined to clear Mankokwi out, and they were carrying out the operation when we came up the river.

They all visited us the day after our arrival at Ma Titti, to make further arrangements, and to see the steel boat taken to pieces. We found our little vessel quite perfect and uninjured in spite of her constantly being ashore on sand banks.

A difficulty met us which we were not prepared for. We had an overland journey before us, which by the road would not be far short of sixty miles, and over this rugged path everything must be carried on men's shoulders or heads. War had entirely cleared off the people formerly to be found on this path, and besides our impedimenta and the boat, food for a cavalcade of 180 men must be forthcoming each night. However, like all other "difficulties" (as Dr. Livingstone used to say), these "were only raised up to be overcome."

I visited the grave of Mr. Richard Thornton, which was close to us, and found it in perfect repair and the cross standing at the head.

Before leaving Ma Titti I considered seriously the question of keeping our rear open for retreat in case of any misfortune arising in the country we were about to explore. For this purpose I went fully into the question of Mankokwi's conduct. He lay between us and the Zambesi. He had it in his power to co-operate with the Ma Zitu, and he could at any moment destroy the whole Makololo settlement on which our base of operations lay, and then assume the offensive to bar our return down the river. It became a necessity to prevent this. True it is, the Makololo "might" was their only "right" in the country. Left there by Dr. Livingstone, they had established themselves firmly, and for every inch of power they gained Mankokwi, the former chief-paramount, lost an ell.

He had put things on a war footing by bringing the Portuguese against them, and I deemed it advisable to place a check upon him before any further

advance was made. For this purpose I gave the word to the Makololo and without any trouble Mankokwi bolted from his position on their first appearance, and the strong village belonging to him at the foot of Choro, was held by a small force up to the time of our leaving the Shiré.

On the 21st we had a very fair specimen of an African day, with its usual alarms and impediments to progress. The Makololo assembled in the morning and told us that the Ma Zitu were threatening Chibisa's from the opposite side of the river, and that most of them would have to remain to protect the place. There was some reason in this: although well armed they were but a handful, and the enemy some thousands strong. To make matters worse, all began to look blue with fear, and twelve out of our twenty-two Senna men deserted us, and made off for the Zambesi, rather than run the risk of an encounter with the Ma Zitu.

Nothing is more miserable than

to work, or rather to try to get work out of a people palsied with a fear like this. You get quite steeped in their whinings and tremblings, and it requires an iron nerve to prevent some of their arguments getting in through the joints of one's harness. Certain it was, if our retreat was cut off by the Makololo village being destroyed in our absence, it would not make things at all pleasant for us.

The next day was a rest to us in one way, but it only gave time to look at the numerous difficulties ahead, and it was worse than hard work. None of our bearers came, although everything was ready for a start; however, we had the satisfaction of knowing that the villages were full of pounders and grinders, all working double tides to get the meal prepared and dried to furnish food on the journey. We went to sleep not feeling very comfortable: a sort of Ma Zitu nightmare came up as a universal dream.

On the 23rd several natives came to us in the morning to say that the Makololo would be with us at night, and all their men with them. This brightened us up a bit, and things looked still more like business, when, at 3 p.m., they strode in with 150 men fully equipped for the journey. They were in high spirits, and the effect on ourselves was not lost, for if any adverse news of the Ma Zitu happened to pop in before our start, it would be all up with our chance of getting the boat beyond the cataracts. I set to work to arrange the payments for porterage, and was at it till a late hour: then came a much easier night's rest than the last one.

Anyone who has had to do with the natives can picture to himself some portion of the task that met me next morning. It would be an interesting problem to solve, whether an African really ever did think he had justice shown him when it came to carrying a certain burden for a certain wage.

There lies the load, and up stands the stalwart form by its side, and, I may add, most certainly for his own rights also. Then comes the question, "Two yards of calico?" Impossible! why nothing would justify him in shouldering it, or rather heading it for that. A long "hargie" succeeds, for it is the prominent feature throughout the length and breadth of the land to lose no opportunity of indulging in this insatiable habit; finally, a few more inches concludes a bargain which seems irrevocable.

But it now occurs to our worthy, for the first time, that he will raise the load at his feet and feel its weight: what contortions! what squeaks of surprise! "why one would think the M'Sungu (white man) wished to kill him." "No; never, he is dead already if he has to convey such a load as that the length of his nose!" Another wrangle succeeds, and another three or four inches of calico makes the package appear full of corks, whereas

it might have been supposed to contain cannon balls ten minutes before. This sort of work does not grow on one as very charming by repetition; multiply it by, say, a round hundred, and then a tolerable notion may be conceived of what it is to get all in order for the march. In our case we had loads, it must frankly be admitted, that required more than ordinary pluck amongst the men to tackle. As a rule no native ever attempts a burden he cannot carry by himself. I never saw two men employed on one in my life, that is, in native travelling. We had thirty-six side pieces of steel, forming the boat, which were a load a-piece for a man, and as it may interest future travellers, I describe the other loads carried connected with our little vessel—

The midship piece,	2 men	The boom,	2 men
The stern piece	3 „	Sails	2 „
The bow piece	3 „	Chain cable	6 „
The mast	2 „	Anchor	1 man.

Mr. Faulkner headed the advanced party,

Carrying sections of the Boat past the Patamanga Falls

and at last we made something like a start, on the 24th August.

I cannot too strongly advise African travellers to remember "a start" is everything in these matters. Even if it be an hour before sundown, make the attempt, because when once the native has shouldered his load, rarely, if ever, is it tampered with or grumbled at till the undertaking is over, be it of many or few days. I stayed behind as whipper-in.

Previously to leaving, I gave instructions to the two Krumen, whom I left in charge, that they were to remain with the two whale boats till the 15th of November, at which date, if they neither had heard or seen anything of us, they were to make their way down towards the sea and report us absent when a man-of-war came in sight on the 1st December. Subsequently, on reaching the upper end of the cataracts, I strengthened these men by the addition of Buckley, our seaman, giving him instruc-

tions similar to those left with the Krumen. I added, however, that we were in no case to be given up for lost, because if we found, on trying to regain the boats, when the investigation to the north was complete, that our retreat was cut of by the Ma Zitu, I should make for the east coast direct. I was justified fully in this from the very threatening aspect of things ahead of us.

We soon reached the deep torrent of the M'Kuru-Madzi river, a short march it is true, but it was no great object to get further the first day. Mr. Faulkner was enabled to put everyone in good humour by shooting a couple of buffaloes for the men; nothing can be such a slice of luck to the native mind, as a slice of some kind of animal food. It is extraordinary the amount of work that can be got out of them if the daily routine of Indian corn-porridge can be helped down in this way.

The heat we found to be frightful, and the poor natives complained very much of

marching at mid-day: in places, between the rocks, the glare was radiated from the stone as if the face was held close to a fire. The grass was nearly all burnt off, and the black charred ashes added to our weariness. But every moment I felt was of importance now and I would not risk any giving way.

On the morning of the 25th, after a cup of tea, at it we went again. I must confess I felt very much, not only for our two sailors who were so unaccustomed to travelling, but for the natives also. A voyage and then a boat journey is about the very *worst* preparation for a tramp in Africa, and for the first few days the feet and limbs suffer torture. In our case it would have tried the best prepared pedestrian. It was a continual series of ups and downs. One moment round a large heated boulder, at another down a steep rubbly watercourse, then a bank to climb, and the same narrow gutter-like path, with a horizon in

front of you formed by your neighbour's figure a yard ahead, as you march, Indian file, through sparsely scattered trees or over savannahs of grass and reeds.

We did not reach our halting place till 4 p.m., having done a very good day's work. I was much pleased on the whole. The Makololo prevented all straggling, and the endurance of their men was something extraordinary. The heavy pieces of the boat were most difficult to carry. The poor fellows to whom they were assigned, had wales raised on their shoulders as large as half an orange, but still there was no giving in.

We were now in some of the most romantic and magnificent scenery the mind can imagine. Tenzani, as a waterfall, is worth going from England to see. Of great height, even at this time of the year, the volume of water which pours through its zig zag channel, and then over a sheer cliff, is magnificent. What a spec-

tacle it must be in the rainy season, when the flood rises certainly a hundred feet in the gorge at Patamanga, and pours through a narrow cleft! It must be one of the sights of the world. We were able to notice, that there is this extraordinary increase in the flood when the rains come, by roots and debris left fully the height I have named above the ordinary level. Most singularly we discovered, perched up at a great elevation, an English oar, rotten and worm eaten. The readers of the "Zambesi and its Tributaries," will recollect the occasion of Dr. Livingstone's losing his boat, oars, and gear, in 1863, amongst these cataracts. This was a relic of the accident which the flood had placed in its own niche, to commemorate some of the difficulties of the explorer's life.

We rose with the moon instead of the sun, on the 20th, much to the disgust of the men, but onwards was the order of the day, and I wished to avoid as

much of the heat as possible. I took a road along the river, because I felt the fearful heat would beat the men if they were cut off from water. *We had not met with a single native*, and yet we were marching through the ruins of hundreds of villages.

Here and there human bones yet remained to tell the tale of the years 1862-4, when, in consequence of the Portuguese slave trade being opened with the town of Tette, the Ajawas destroyed the whole Manganja population, excepting the slaves they captured to supply that market. It seemed awful to contemplate the destruction of life resulting from this traffic, and here, if anywhere, the statement could be borne out which is made by Dr. Livingstone and the missionaries, viz., that for every single slave that gets safely into Portuguese or Arab shackles ten lives are lost in fighting and famine, and that the consequences which follow the slave dealer's presence are far more destructive than

cholera, or the blackest plague that ever swept off human beings.

27th. Our road lay to-day through a rocky broken tract, taking the place of sand and open country yesterday. The march began to tell on the men, but by keeping in the rear and preventing stragglers, we got over a good deal of ground on the whole.

To-day one of our sailors (Buckley) narrowly escaped a severe accident. A pitfall, dug for buffalo, received him with open mouth, and his rifle going off in his descent, very nearly put an end to Mr. Faulkner who was in front of him.

It is no uncommon thing to see one's comrade disappear in this way in a country where game abounds, and nothing is more ludicrous (if broken bones are escaped) than to see him go plump into a second pitfall whilst full swing in his description of how his first tumble took place, and the advantages of experience sharpening his eyes for the future. The pits are dug in twos and

threes as a rule. This is a wise stratagem, because, supposing one out of a herd of buffalo for instance fell into pitfall No. 1, the alarm would be so great that in the hasty retreat, Nos. 2 and 3 are more likely to get occupants than if they were at a distance, where, the fright over, all buffaloes would resolve themselves into their normal habit of looking about for anything and everything of the sort.

The natives, I may mention, have a curious device for killing leopards, which pester them most sorely. They secure a goat near any tree that will make a suitable springing place for the leopard to take his leap from, and surrounding the tethered bleater with a *chevaux de frise* of poisoned arrows stuck points upwards in the long grass, they very often succeed in getting the midnight prowler to spike himself on a sufficient number of them to cause his death.

To-day we saw some natives (Manganjas), living on an island in the river, but

nothing would put sufficient confidence into the poor things to induce them to come across to us and sell us provisions. The tracks of large game, elephants, buffaloes, and deer were most abundant on this stage of the journey.

We arrived at the head of the falls of the Shiré the next day—"The Murchison Cataracts," as I should call them—at twelve o'clock, having accomplished the whole journey in four days. Nothing could have been a greater success although it had been a distressing march. The men (two hundred and forty), consisting of bearers and commissariat, had been just sufficient and that was all: I rested one hour and then gave orders to commence re-building the boat.

When it is remembered what the loss of a single section from the great number the men had to carry, would have occasioned, and that any one of them might have absconded at night with his piéce of iron, it

may be imagined a load was off our minds as heavy as that borne by the most woolly-headed of these faithful porters, when piece by piece came to hand in safety. But things did not look very pleasant. The Ajawa were in possession of the right bank of the Shiré from this point to the lake, and the everlasting Ma Zitu were on the opposite side intriguing with some Manganja to be ferried across. Mr. Faulkner again put all in good spirits by killing two buffalo, and he thus furnished the men with the greatest of all treats, viz., as much meat as they could devour.

29th. A number of Manganja and Ajawa (who apparently had made cause against the common sourge, the Ma Zitu), came to visit us this morning. They watched us building the boat with the greatest curiosity. To my astonishment one of the number reported that a white man had been seen some time ago on lake Pamalombi. This traveller

had a dog with him, and the "M'Sungu" had left to go further in a westerly direction! What could this mean?

On the 30th August we finished building the boat. I have little doubt that the success of this species of craft will in time lead to many hitherto impracticable explorations being undertaken. I may mention, that we found out an admirable plan to prevent leakage. When the seams are well stopped with putty, all that is requisite is to roll the boat backwards and forwards on the first sand bank, and by this means the putty is forced into each crack more carefully than the most skilful eye or hand can manage, even should they belong to such a clever man as Reid, to whom we were indebted for the ingenious idea, and consequently also for a dry boat.

The Makololo remained with us, but the barometer of their courage kept falling all day as story after story met their ears

from the natives. I sincerely trusted they would not bolt at the last moment.

31st August. We made a start of it afloat once more this morning, but as the Makololo had never handled an oar since 1862, it was not surprising that they got tired and jaded. It was really an ordeal for them. Thousands of natives along the banks hailed us, and the stories one and all told us of the Ma Zitu were enough to deter the very boldest. I felt anxious, because if they had ever really become demoralized by the fear there was upon them, we should have been almost helpless.

There was now a clear run into Lake Nyassa: nothing in the shape of a cataract or waterfall interrupts the navigation from the upper end of the falls till its blue depths are reached, and the satisfaction it was to find a large boat like the "Search" thus comfortably afloat again was complete. I could but

wish some of my active, good-hearted friends at Chatham, to whom I was indebted for her construction, had been there to share our triumph.

The 1st September proved a most provoking day. The Makolòlo could not work well from stiff limbs, and seemed to care little whether the boat went ahead or astern. After a while a breeze sprang up against us, and then, with both wind and current to contend against, progress there was none. It seemed a delight to the men to come to a stop, because they could then go on drinking in war's alarms from the natives on the bank, but it was a very questionable consolation to ourselves.

The next day's voyage was only a repetition of the previous day's; all fear, discontent, and head wind against us.

On the 3rd we came on a herd of elephants. They were quietly flapping their huge barn-door-like ears beneath a

tree some short distance from the river. The better to get a look at them I climbed up a tree with my field-glass, and soon saw it was possible to get within long range of them further on.

Now was a chance for the rifle we had brought with us for the special purpose of elephant killing along the river banks. As soon as cover failed me, I took a steady aim at the largest animal in the herd, aiming at his head. It requires no common shoulder to stand twelve drachms of powder behind a ball large in proportion to the charge. Unfortunately my aim was rather too low, say by twelve inches, the ball, instead of striking full in the head, dashed out the large molars of the elephant, and our only trophy was the splinters of the teeth which were scattered about. The Makololo followed a long distance in the track of the wounded beast, but eventually gave him up and returned empty handed after a long chase.

The next day we stopped in our journey for a few minutes at the bank and had a conversation with some natives. Here the same story met us that seemed so significant before. A white man had been at Pamfunda's, which is on Lake Pamalombi, and had left some time. I thought it might be an Arab trader, but my informant would have it he was an "Anglesi," and, furthermore, that he had two Ajawa boys in his company. Who could this be? It seemed impossible it could be Livingstone away *to the south* of Lake Nyassa, instead of to the north, as we were morally certain he had gone.

On the 4th, as the breeze served us a little, we got on better, but the Makololo could not gain heart. As the distance increased which lay between us and their homes I began to pitch my key higher, and threatened to stop their wages, which rather surprised them. It was perfect misery to hear their incessant fears,

moulded into all sorts of shapes and stories. Still, without them I felt it would be almost impossible to have the boat sufficiently manned upon the lake, and there was nothing for it but to try and discipline them as best we could.

About 5 p.m. we came to a spot where an immense concourse of natives stood watching our approach on the right bank. These men were greatly excited and being armed with guns, spears, bows and arrows, &c., it seemed hardly wise to disobey their strong protest against our approaching them. But I did not want them to misunderstand, so we pulled in, when they concealed themselves in the grass and made signs of readiness to begin the attack. They mistook us for Ma Zitu, it was evident, and would have it that we had come to fight them.

At last, after saying again and again they had never heard of such people as the English, two of the body more bold than the

rest advanced and I rewarded them by a small present of calico. Immediately all fear vanished and the whole force rose from their hiding places, wanting me to repeat the present to each individual. These people belonged to the Ma Chinka tribe, and said they had been driven across the Shiré from the hill country by the Ma Zitu; we did not feel quite at our ease, so we passed the night under arms, but I am glad to say there was no necessity for such precaution, for the men showed perfect confidence in us.

The next day numbers of the Ma Chinka's brought provisions for sale, which was certainly a good sign. Besides this I received a civil message from the chief Malémia, saying he should be glad if I paid him a visit. I thought it might lead to some information, so off we went. He was living about a mile up the river and was evidently a man of importance. He was attired in an Arab silk dress, with a silver chain round his

neck on which were some English coins. There was also another chief with him named Coloma.

I was disappointed at not being able to hear any report of a white man having been seen in the country he had retreated from. The Ma Zitu were making a clean sweep it was evident through the whole district, according to these men. We exchanged a small present, and I then left. The breeze serving us, we reached the entrance to the little rush-grown lake Pamalombi, stopping for the night at a small settlement of Ma Chinka's. They all seemed exceedingly civil and anxious to trade, but it was impossible to get them to understand we did not want to buy slaves; who could we be in that country to refuse such an excellent offer!

Sept. 6. We started at sunrise, and now for the first time had an opportunity of testing the "Search" in a breeze on open water. Lake Pamalombi seemed to agree with the little craft very well indeed, and

she danced away over the waves in good style. My Makololo were, however, terribly frightened when we shipped a green sea or two and the turn to bale her out came to their lot.

It is easy enough to make one's way into these inland lakes, but the difficulty lies in finding the way out again, and so we discovered. Surrounded by dense masses of papyrus and reeds of all kinds, one has to search for the outlet most diligently. So it was that we overran the spot where the Shiré enters, and had to beat back to windward. At last we hit it, and now only a short distance remained between us and that glorious lake which truly is a relief to the eye after so many days and nights passed in the monotony of a river journey.

In the afternoon we came on a large body of the Ma Chinka's who commanded us to come ashore at once. They were excited, and as they had some hundreds of muskets amongst them, besides being otherwise well

armed, I deemed it best to stand off. This caused a great disturbance, and they shouted to us to surrender, whilst a general preparation for an attack was visible. A canoe pushed off from the shore, which I thought it best to wait for and parley with, so laying the boat to, we allowed them to come up to us. They could not understand at all who the English were, and altogether it was just as well a breeze sprung up at the moment.

Lake Nyassa now hove in sight and we left our demonstrative friends far behind. It seemed wisest to make for a small rocky island that lies in the lake instead of pitching our camp in the vicinity of the Ma Chinka's. It was quite evident that if any Englishman had been amongst these people he would have left his name, and a good name, behind him, in all probability. It was negative testimony. In our judgment we should gain nothing from the Ma Chinka's, not even information

respecting this white man we had heard of, had he stopped.

We reached the island Boazuru, after a good run, but were in the most imminent danger of losing the boat in making the shore owing to the huge boulders, which, in such a sea as there was on at the time, make landing exceedingly dangerous. I was very glad to find a safe place on which to sleep, and felt that here we could at all events spend a more pleasant night. The island is a mere heap of stones with a few scrubby trees, which have to hold on for dear life, and for this purpose are content with displaying a little bit of brush over a great mass of roots, without which they must inevitably be carried away. It may be in area about 200 yards long by 100 in width.

September 7. We started early with a fine breeze in a N.N.W. direction for the main land. We had not proceeded far before it came on to blow, and quickly a gale was upon us which threatened

to send the "Search" and every one on board her to his last home. But a Higher Power was with us, and our extreme peril was only raised up for us to see this guiding hand the more plainly in an hour or two. We reached at last with the greatest difficulty, a little sandy bay on the east shore of Nyassa—the first boat that had ever touched its margin with her keel.

And here one of those startling chances, as some would call them, occasioned us the very greatest delight. What shall we say of it then, when I relate that at the place we touched, only one native was visible and he most sorely frightened: I landed, and going up to his hiding place, told him we were English; to my utter surprise, the word seemed to disarm him of all fears, and he came towards me, saying how alarmed he was at first, but now all that was over. I asked him how this was? He replied, "the English are good." I again questioned him as to how he came to

be aware of this fact? What was my supreme satisfaction to hear the poor fellow narrate that an Englishman had gone through his village, and was very kind to them during his stay, making them presents, &c.

Now began a great cross-examination which ended in my being as convinced as possible, that not only had an Englishman really been on this east shore of the lake, but that I had thus lit on intelligence in this haphazard way which, like a dream as it was, nevertheless left me without a moral doubt that *Livingstone himself was the man in question!* All previous calculations, all those shrewd ponderings and siftings of evidence at the Geographical Society were put an end to by the simple narrative that fell from the lips of this poor native!

Livingstone in a word, had not been at the north end of the lake at all, he had set at naught all our fancy-drawn journeyings, and had actually been at this well-nigh southern extreme.

My informant told me that he lived near a point he showed in the distance jutting out into the lake, saying that it was an Arab settlement, so, after giving my men an hour to dry their clothes, we set sail again, determined to thread out the great traveller's course as well as we could, after being so singularly fortunate as to pitch on a man who could thus give us the very best clue to his having come so far in safety. We had only gone a short way when the gale began to freshen, so we ran into another well sheltered bay where I descried a few natives.

I now took very good care to prevent any of my followers going near the people till I myself had every opportunity of first word and of avoiding leading questions. I jumped out when the boat touched the shore, and told them we were English; this caused a great clapping of hands and exclamations of "Cha didi," "Cha koma" (it is good,

it is well). The head man advanced to me and asked if I had seen the Englishman who had been here in the previous cold season, and who had rested there ten days? I replied, "No; where has he gone to?"

A. To Pamfundas. (This I knew to be on the Shiré near its exit from the lake.)

Q. How do you know?

A. He told me even this same thing.

Q. What was the Englishman like?

A. You are a tall man, but he was only about so high, but he was of more years. You have much hair on your face; as to the Englishman, no, it was not so.

Q. Then he did not have any hair on his face?

A. No; it was not so; on the lip which is above, there was hair.

Q. Was it blacker than mine?

A. It was black hair, but there were also white hairs in it.

I then bade them all sit down. Now, said I, if you will tell me all you know,

without any lies, I will give you a fathom of cloth. Then, fixing my eye on the head man, I put the following questions to him, taking good care not a remark or a prompting from anyone else broke in without special permission.

Q. Who had this Englishman with him?

A. Two tens of people or three tens; but to say how many I cannot. (On referring to his followers, they agreed there must have been some twenty or thirty in the traveller's cortége, but it was pardonable differing as to exact numbers, when they evidently had not counted them.)

Q. Was he dressed as I am?

A. The clothing was almost the same.

Q. What had he on his head?

A. A covering which was black and a piece of something in front. (Here he imitated the peak of a naval cap most admirably, by holding his hands over his forehead, and knowing as I did that

Dr. Livingstone had never worn anything else in Africa but this very head-dress—so ill-suited, other travellers would say, for a tropical sun—I gathered heart immensely at this little incident, which really left no doubt at all on my mind as to whom had actually been amongst these people.)

Q. Had he a shirt on?

A. Yes; one like that of yours.

Q. And other garments; boots like these I have on (pointing to my trousers and boots)?

A. Yes; skins on the feet like yours, and as to the other things, he had upon his legs some like those (pointing to a pair of blue serge trousers worn by one of the party.)

Q. Had he any boxes with him?

A. Yes.

Q. Tell me what you remember about any of them?

A. (laughing). There was one, a little

one; in it there was water which was white; when you touched it, by placing your finger in it—ah! behold it would not wet you, this same white water; I lie not!

Q. What was it for, what did the Englishman do with it?

A. He used to put it down upon the ground, and then he took a thing in his hand to look on the sun with.

Q. Now show me what you mean; how did he do this?

This brought out all the singular capability of the savage for pantomimic illustration. The old chief gravely took up a piece of stick, and his actions as he imitated a person taking observations with the sextant's artificial horizon (which I may explain to my less experienced readers, is a small square trough filled with mercury—the "white water,") could not have been surpassed. The gravity with which he stretched his feet apart and

swayed himself backwards to look up at the sun along his piece of stick, and then brought it down to a certain point, was a masterpiece of mimicry. It is a quality common to all savages, and a most amusing half hour can at any time be got out of them by exercising it. To ask them to describe a hunting scene was a favorite plan; they will imitate the gait of every animal in a manner which would convince a European he had everything to learn in the way of catching salient points and representing them truthfully. But to continue—

Q. Whither did he say he was going?

A. He left us to go northwards; he went to the village of the Arabs; he wanted to cross the water to the other side in their vessel; he could not do this, and in ten days he had returned here; then he went south to Pamfundas.

Q. Do you remember the names of any of those who were with him?

A. Yes; two of them were called Chuma and Wako. These two spoke the Nyassa's language. There was another big man, he was the head of those who bore burdens; his name was Moosa.

This of course put an end to all further doubt. Chuma and Wakotani—the Dr. always addressed the latter as "Wako," were the two lads we knew to be with him, and Moosa's identity likewise shone forth from the band of luggage carriers.

Q. Did Moosa talk the same language as the boys?

A. No; he said that which was different. That which he said I did not know.

Q. How many more were there who spoke like Moosa?

A. "Cumi" (ten) holding up the ten fingers.

Q. What, besides himself?

A. No (and down shut one finger), only five and four.

Q. Have you seen Moosa and any of those men since?

A. No.

Here another man present said there was in the party a man who had long black hair, and on the top of his head was a place shorn, or at all events where the hair was cut very short. Mr. Faulkner's long Indian experience at once identified the havildar of the Sepoys—the only remaining one of that faithless brigade which we heard in England deserted the Doctor early in the journey.

Q. What else had he with him? any beasts that carried burdens?

A. No; but there was a small dog with him which they called Chitani.

Q. Where did the M'Sungu (white man) sleep?

A. Up there (pointing to a certain spot).

Q. What did he lie on?

A. A bed; he made over it a small

house of cloth, in which there were little holes everywhere.

I told him to look round the boat, and tell me if he saw anything of the same kind, when he instantly pointed to my mosquitoe curtain.

Q. Did he buy slaves?

A. No. His people informed us that their chief said to buy or sell men was a bad and a foul thing, and that far away south, on the Shiré river, he had liberated many captives, whom he found being led away as slaves.

Q. Did you ever see another white man?

A. No.

Q. Did he or his followers say whence they came?

A. Yes; from the great water which is salt.

I asked them a variety of other questions; they described minutely and distinctly a breech-loading gun and a revolver, and on my showing them one of

each kind, it was quite easy to see how truthful all their observations had been. They had even remarked that Wakotani was taller than Chuma, and in fact, showed a frankness and candour which spoke not only for our singular success up to this point, but also for the perfect reliance they had in the good faith of the English.

Former experience of trying to get at facts, where interested motives or distrust were at work, made me value the result as a most welcome event in the history of our investigations to learn the fate of our intrepid philanthropist. I well knew he could be tracked over thousands and thousands of miles in Africa, by the same words that had shown his identity this day, "a man of a good heart" *(oa ko mantima)*, a passport alike for himself and such as should follow in his footsteps in after time.

We were determined to trace the story out further at the Arab crossing place,

and for this purpose we set sail early the next morning and we were not long in reaching it.

The Arabs, or rather half-caste Arabs, were under a head man named Pikangwini. They received us with some signs of suspicion and fear but in time this wore off. We found all the reports concerning our missing traveller fully borne out by these men. Dr. Livingstone it was quite evident had wished to cross the lake here, and had relied on making the passage in one of the clumsy boats belonging to the traders. In this he was disappointed; they told us, in fact, that their boats were at that time (as they were at present) on the western shore of Nyassa. This spot is the landing place for the slaves transported over the lake, and they are marched hence to Quilloa. We were able to procure plenty of provisions, and what was indeed a great luxury—abundance of milk.

It was a sad sight to see the huge sheds

erected for the reception of the unfortunate slaves, and before we left, as a parting word, I told our host that the time must not be far off before we should change all this state of things. It brought from them the old reply, "Our fathers did it before us, and therefore it cannot be very wrong to pursue the same calling."

In the interval, we gained some very valuable information from a geographical point of view. The lake seemed to be thoroughly known to these men; I asked them several questions respecting the north end, and I have no reason to doubt their assurance that it is closed in by the high land, and has neither outlet nor communication with other waters in that direction. The river Rovuma evidently has not the least connection with Nyassa; all streams run into the lake but one they said, and without my aiding them in the least, they assured me the Shiré is the only means of escape for the

superabundant waters which drain into the lake from the surrounding hills.

I made repeated enquiries about the lamented Dr. Roscher, who was murdered some years since in this part of the country, but I gained no clue whatever to his history, although it was my intention to have given a handsome present to the chief who traced the affair out, and who finally sent the two assassins to Zanzibar, where they were executed.

The Arabs told me they had a sorry time of it, for the Ma Zitu waylaid and attacked many of the caravans on their road to the coast. I was anxious, before leaving this place, to ascertain something of the route by which the Doctor had approached the lake, and for this purpose told off two of the Makololo, Sinjeri, my interpreter, and some of our most trustworthy natives, to proceed on the road towards Ma Taka, a powerful chief, whose exact whereabouts seemed nevertheless difficult to get at. Mr.

Faulkner in the meanwhile, undertook to make another strike inland from the lake to see if he could pick up any news. These two excursions over, I resolved at once to make the passage across Nyassa, and take up the thread of the story wherever I should be fortunate enough to pick it up on the other side. We could just see three hill crests in a S.S.W. direction; no other land is visible across the lake, which may be thirty miles broad at the narrowest place.

On the 9th Mr. Faulkner set to work preparing for his journey, and the men also left us for Ma Taka's. Several little articles which once belonged to Dr. Livingstone were brought to us by the natives today. Thus far all was clear. The Doctor had, from some unexplained reason, abandoned his original intention of visiting the north end of the lake, and had, instead, made for the crossing of which he heard in his former travels whilst on the other

shore of Nyassa. It seemed, indeed, most probable that he had been guided to the very spot from Ma Taka's, because the Arab settlement was hit on almost to a mile when they struck the lake. What might have occurred to alter his plans is uncertain. In fact, in a land where any five minutes' adventure or mishap may necessitate a complete change of plans and tactics, we could but conjecture that either some positive information respecting the termination of the water on the north, or the disturbed state of the country in that direction had caused him to deviate from his original plans.

We left the Arab settlement on the morning of the 10th September, and I arranged with Mr. Faulkner to walk to Chioola, a village some eight miles further to the south, whilst the boat, in charge of Reid, stood along the shore. On our way we came to a village where exactly the same story met us. A

"M'Sungu" had certainly been there, and the description answered closely to the previous one. An empty cartridge case (Enfield) was brought to us, and an iron spoon of English make with the word "patent" upon it. I had not anything at the time to give in exchange for these, so I asked the possessors of the valuables to bring them to us in the morning at the boat. To our dismay, we saw the "Search" shortly after this alter her course, evidently bent on turning back. We fired guns and made what signals we could, and on getting within hailing distance, I found she was too much for Reid and the Makololo, so, having appointed a rendezvous at Chioola, I left Mr. Faulkner to pursue the journey on foot, whilst I managed the boat.

We arrived at Chioola at 5 p.m. A river enters the lake at this place which is about eighty yards wide at the mouth. I went up some little distance in the boat to trace its course, and ascertained it to have an

average depth of seven feet with a sandy bottom. The natives report it to take its rise in the mountains, five days' journey off. In the evening a knife was brought to us, which the white man had exchanged for some rice; it was evidently of English make, and had on it "warranted to strike fire."

The next day, numbers of natives flocked in from the surrounding villages with different things to sell for calico or beads. The man we saw yesterday turned up also with the spoon and empty cartridge case, which had been doing duty as a snuff box. The owner showed Mr. Faulkner the tree under which the traveller had slept, and very accurately described his having written something in one sort of book and also having read from another. I handed him a photographic album, containing fifty portraits, and asked him to stop when he came to anyone who was like the white man he had seen. The first time of going

through, he missed the likeness of the Doctor. I told him that the man I was in search of was certainly there, when he commenced turning over the leaves again. This time he stopped when he came to the portrait, exclaiming, "that's exactly like him, only his dress was not like that." A good many chiefs dropped in from the neighbourhood in the course of the day. I did not like the look of several of them at all. I arranged that Mr. Faulkner should proceed some distance inland on the morrow, to endeavour to strike the track the Johanna men had taken in their retreat towards the coast.

The following morning great numbers of the natives assembled, many of them having come long distances. I was not yet quite happy in my mind as to their intentions, and therefore, the arrangements of yesterday were countermanded, and we remained in the boat. There were a great many muskets amongst the crowds on the shore.

Perhaps there is not really much necessity for the extreme caution I always adopted amongst the lake shore folks, but it is as well to be always vigilant. We always had the boats moored some distance out for the night, as, in this way, we were pretty safe from attack. Fishing seems the universal occupation by night and day, and the splendid seine nets (of immense length) come in, draught after draught, laden with delicious fish.

We should have crossed over to the west side immediately, but the Makololo protesting strongly against our departure till the rest of their party returned from the inland search, we determined to reunite our whole force, more especially as it was quite uncertain how long we might be detained across the lake.

13th. Crowds of natives came again to us at daybreak from the surrounding villages, bringing all sorts of things for sale. To my great delight, one chief ap-

peared holding in his hand a little English prayer book. He stated, the white man had passed a night in his village, using his hut, and on his departure he found the book he now brought upon the ground. I imagine it belonged to one of the lads in the Doctor's train. "

At 4 p.m. the party of exploration returned to us. They had not been able to reach Ma Taka, owing to some obstructions, imaginary or real, on the part of the Ajawas by the way. It was easy enough for them to trace the Doctor's hitherward journey for two days, from village to village, but on the evening of the second day, they arrived at the village of a chief who stated the white man had indeed been there, as he had every reason to know. Since his departure, it had been nothing but war, war, war, in his vicinity, and he was quite sure that he had brought it, and nothing should induce him to let them go any further.

He then compelled them to turn back with all kinds of threats, even though it was sunset when they came to his village.

Such was their story; all I can say is, I was not there, and I can imagine a little would turn them. They brought back with them some fish-hooks and a small looking-glass, together with an English-made razor, which the "M'Sungu" had given at various places in exchange for food, &c.

14th. Mr. Faulkner (to whose excellent skill as a stalker, an imaginary larder was indebted for any amount of fresh meat) discovered a small village whilst hunting, from whence we drew some valuable information. It seems that poor Wakotani had been so ill there, owing to the sad state of his feet, Dr. Livingstone had left him to rest, whilst he himself went northward, from this spot to the Arab crossing, intending to return for the lad. They spoke of the sufferings of the

faithful fellow, and from place to place afterwards we had confirmation of the story.

It had always appeared to Mr. Waller and myself, in sifting out Moosa's story in England, that here was a great hitch. Wakotani had deserted the Doctor, said Moosa, because he found a sister on the lake shore. . . So noble was the lad's character at all times, neither one nor the other of us could reconcile this report with our belief in his staunchness. His history was of sad interest. His father was at one time a chief of some celebrity, but he, like so many others, had been swept away in the slave wars. He used to speak of the events connected with his capture in sorrowful terms, especially lamenting his father's fate.

He was Bishop Mackenzie's servant, at Magomero, and on all occasions had been entrusted with matters that required more than ordinary sagacity and fidelity. The lad's unswerving truthfulness and honesty

made him a great favourite with us all, and there seemed, both in appearance and manner, something to distinguish him from those around him. Knowing what I do of him, I steadfastly believe nothing but such a disaster as this could have prevented the boy continuing the journey with the Doctor. Had any of the buffaloes, which were alive in the outset of the journey, survived, Wakotani might have ridden till his recovery. To march in the state the natives described him to be was impossible. When first liberated from the slavers, he had suffered for months, I am informed, from a similar malady. It is a very common one in the country, and results from a bad wound, whether by burn, thorn, or the hundred and one chances which happen on the road naked feet have to travel.

CHAPTER IV.

WE CROSS THE LAKE—STRANGE STORMS—MARENGA *chez lui*—CONFIDENCE IN THE ENGLISH NAME—AFRICAN BEEF-EATERS—BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY—WHAT IS DONE THERE—WHAT MIGHT BE DONE—MAPUNDA—MOOSA SUMMED UP BY A LADY—A DOG OF TWO TAILS—WAKOTANI—WE ENTER THE SHIRÉ—MILEMIA, AND HIS GUN MEDICINE.

WE steered W.S.W. for Chin Samba's, the Arab crossing place, as laid down on the chart of Livingstone and Kirk. The whole neighbourhood was in possession of the Ajawas, and deserted by the former occupants.

Here we found the same story. A white man had been at Marenga's; he had proceeded afterwards in a N.W. direction, but where he had gone to no one knew. One man, without hesitation, described him accurately, and the dog with him, name and all; he added, that he had helped with others to convey his luggage for two days' journey.

We now stood away southwards, coasting the lake, and touching here and there. Two canoes passed us, going in the contrary direction, but they would not stop. The paddlers spoke of the M'Sungu having been in the neighbourhood. We heard reports of the Ma Zitu still advancing towards the coast. Our anchorage for the night was at a deserted village.

The scenery here is much the counterpart of that on the opposite side. The beautiful lake lies buried amidst mountains, like a cup sunk in the land for them to drain the produce of the storm clouds into. Terrace after terrace carries the eye on to summits, where a different climate to anything the European imagines to exist in Africa, invigorates and strengthens lungs and limbs, scorched and parboiled on the rivers which carry these cool lake waters to the sea. A constant oppressive sorrow comes to one in such scenes, that the death-wail should haunt all.

The fishermen flock hither to gather the abundant harvest, which the blue waters constantly afford them, and here it is that the largest slave trade which the world perhaps ever saw has its nucleus. Teeming with a population, which is of the scatterings of a war-stricken people, the slaver knows he can at all times fill his forked sticks and his chains along the banks of Lake Nyassa.

From the highlands, the poor half-starved creatures flock to the waters of the lake. The food it provides has not to depend on the tilling-time. They have passed the last sowing season, hiding amongst the crags on the mountains. Where their former homes stood, war has been, and white bones lie by the rusted hoe, the charred thatch, and the broken grinding stones: the populace, in fact, is made up of drift after drift of war.

It struck me so constantly, that here, if anywhere in the world, was a theatre for a

great deed of philanthropy. The merest handful of Englishmen could raise up a power by the lake, which should hardly require more than a threat *now* to turn it to incalculable good. So well does the English name stand, and so extraordinarily has our antipathy to the slave trade spread all through the land, from the exertions of Dr. Livingstone, Bishop Mackenzie, and his followers, that the mere appearance of a small group of determined men in this district, would break the neck of the traffic instantly.

My own experience of Arabs and dhow masters on the coast, gained whilst serving in H.M.S. "Gorgon," leads me to speak most strongly on this question. A boat, such as the "Search," with two days' extra labour bestowed upon her, would almost answer all requirements for keeping up just that amount of uncertainty, as to where the English would next pop down upon the slave dealers, which would paralyze the whole thing.

There may be some difficulty in explaining the unanimous opinion our party came to upon this question. It must be remembered however it is not our own solely. Dr. Livingstone spared no exertions to urge it upon us in years gone by, and our convictions, now for the first time established by ocular proof, make me repeat nearly his own words. The whole country would rally round such a common centre of law and order, and even looking on it from a lower, and perhaps hardly less practical point of view (for commerce must yet be the first chapter in Africa's regeneration), an ivory mart might be founded somewhere near the Shiré's head waters, and it would command an enormous trade.

Whether it will ever be worth the while of the Portuguese government to remove the absurd restrictions to trade, which still defeat all attempts to develop the country, is a different thing. At the pre-

sent rate of decadency the settlements will be extinct in a few years, thanks to the Landheens taking matters into their own hands. Yet, as long as a half-caste and six negroes under him, can erect a hut and a pole on which to fly a flag when a ship comes in sight off the Kongoné, so long must diplomacy allow these waters of east Africa to remain unvisited and unused, save only for this accursed slave trade.

The next day we sailed along the coast. At every village we stay at, the same story is current, viz., that a white man was in those parts a year ago, and that, after visiting Marenga's town, he had gone in a N.W. direction. At 2 p.m. seeing some natives fishing, I landed, and began a conversation with them, stating we were English and that we were desirous of buying fish. One man supplied me with some most important information. He stated that a white man (whose descrip-

tion answered in the minutest details to the Doctor's—nor was the ever wonderful dog omitted) had gone in the direction named, after leaving Marenga's. He himself had assisted him, and the "M'Sungu" had slept a night at his village. On asking the name of this village, he informed me it was called "Paca homa," and "if you struck straight inland, it would be reached in five days' journey." This was exactly what I wanted, and the open way in which the man spoke, only added to the extreme interest of his story. At Paca homa, the white man had seven men with him, carrying guns, *Moosa and company being conspicuously absent in this enumeration of his followers.* He had stopped to rest, and for all he had, and for hospitality he received, he made presents in exchange of calico and an iron spoon. That he had made observations for the position, was quite evident. The grotesque pantomime our friend went through, in explaining the use of the sextant, was

splendid. He informed us, likewise, that he made one of a party of ten who carried the belongings of the traveller. I said, we had come to look for this man, whom no doubt they had seen. This set them off laughing: "why he is gone to the Babisa country, how are you to catch him up? It would take three moons' journey to reach it." So open were they, I stated boldly to them we had been told our white countryman had been killed by the Ma Zitu.

Now although it would have been great good policy on their part at once to jump at this new idea, and so enlist our alliance against the terror of the land, they merely replied with a laugh "Oh no, why he went that way on purpose to avoid them, and we know he went far beyond, where it would take months to walk." Altogether, this was most gratifying. The spot where the Doctor had actually encamped in the presence of this witness, was a very long distance ahead of the district in which Moosa had, with

such tender-hearted zeal, buried him the year before! Not a question did I put to this man but it was answered without hesitation. The dog, as usual, was described, and I felt a load off my mind. The old chief of the district, Levavé by name, arrived from his village in the evening, bringing us some fowls as a present, and we talked and laughed, and told white stories and black stories, and cemented, I trust, an everlasting good opinion of each other, till the sun went down, and the mosquitoes came out, which sent Levavé to his hut and us to our boat, well satisfied with the day's work.

September 16th. About 1 a.m., a gale set in from the S.E., and it was upon us so suddenly that we ran a great risk of losing the boat, which was not beached. To do this was our first care, and we lightened her and hauled her up as far as we could, but she was a good deal shaken. In any case it is a risk hauling up a boat of

this description, but she took no harm. The gale abated about daylight.

These storms are the more puzzling, as there is no forewarning, not a cloudlet to be seen, all as serene and calm above as the most fine weather sailor could desire.

We were visited to-day by a large body of Ajawas; these men had crossed from the other side of the lake, and in a short time the poor Manganja had been entirely rooted out by them, a sure consequence whenever they come in contact. We did not like their appearance at all, as they were heavily armed with muskets, &c. One man, however, gave me further news, viz., that the white man we were tracing so industriously had slept at a village whence he, the narrator, came, and which is called Coömo. He also said, that the night previous to the Doctor's arrival at Coömo, he had camped out in the grass, and that the night before, he slept at

Makrura; as to the Ma Zitu, he had avoided them *in toto*.

Thinking the gale had altogether died out, at 3 o'clock p.m. we made a start of it, but it seemed as if it had only been waiting to see what we intended, for it came on worse than ever, and there was nothing for it but to beach the boat again and pass a sorry night of it in the same place. The following day we spent in getting more weather wise, for verily it requires a special education here. It blew such a hurricane that there was nothing to do but to sit and watch the immense waves breaking in all their grandeur upon a shore it was impossible to quit.

On the morning of the next day, the 18th September, the wind had so far gone down that we put to sea, much to the terror of my native crew. Subsequently it fell to almost a calm, and we made a good run when we got off the lee shore.

Our course now lay up the bay marked in the map, but when we reached the head of it, it only ended in such a forest of rushes, there was no possibility of landing, and we slept in the boat. Perhaps, in all my experience I never came across such a place for mosquitoes as this.

We quitted the anchorage as soon as the next day dawned. We were now approaching the most important native town in these regions. I tried hard to find the mouth of a river laid down in the chart, but in such a wilderness of reeds it was out of the question. In this dilemma we stood along shore, and after a while saw a canoe, manned by two natives, approaching us. We cut her off, and were much pleased to find that the men were under no alarm when they discovered we were not Arabs, as they supposed, but Englishmen; for the name, it was evident, was going to do us as good service here as on the other side of the lake. I took the two men on board,

and to make quite sure of getting all the truth as pure and unadulterated as possible, I went forward into the bow of the boat and held a long conversation with the most intelligent of them, whilst he guided us towards Marenga's village. It seemed like a dream to hear the honest fellow describe that not only had he seen Livingstone and carried part of his baggage, but that he likewise had known him on his former exploration, when he called in there with Dr. Kirk and Mr. C. Livingstone.

By this time we had approached Marenga's village, and a black mass of heads stood far and wide on the shore to witness our approach. I stood up in the bow of the boat, and taking off my cap to show them I was not an Arab, I called out that we were English, who were about to visit the chief. This caused the most friendly demonstration of hand clapping and gesticulating, and our reception was as warm as if we had been landing at Plymouth,

instead of at a village on this far lone lake in tropical Africa, all but unknown, even by name. We landed, and on making our request to see Marenga, we were conducted by one of his wives to the old chief's hut.

I found myself in the presence of a fat, jovial-looking old fellow, the very picture of good living and good humour. Without further to do he seized me by the hand and shook it most violently, clearly demonstrating, not only his respect for my countrymen, but also for their mode of salutation. This ended, he asked me at once if I had brought his old friend, the other Englishman, with me. On hearing that he was not with us, and that, on the contrary, our object was to learn what had become of him, the old fellow very frankly volunteered all the information in his power.

He told us, in short, that which I now began to suspect. The Doctor, on his arrival, with his train of followers (in-

cluding the Johanna men under Moosa) and the native boys, stayed one day at this village. A large marsh lies close by Marenga's place, through which a river percolates amidst reeds and fen, till it reaches the lake in the bed of rushes we had anchored off the previous night. In order to pursue his journey in a N.W. direction it would save a long detour to be ferried across this morass, for there was water enough in one place for canoes to pass.

Marenga told us that at the Doctor's request, he had furnished him with canoes sufficient to take him over with a certain portion of the baggage, but that Moosa and his squad with some of the property, had been sent all the way round to meet him at a rendezvous appointed on the opposite shore.

The most significant fact to me was, that when they appeared at Marenga's, Moosa had only four of his special kith

and kin with him. The question arose to my mind, what had become of the others? Marenga had never heard of more than the five. However, certain it was, that two days after the Doctor's departure, to Marenga's surprise, Moosa and his companions came back to the village with the following tale:—"They were merely Arabs," said they, "who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be a limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested motive in assisting a traveller, and having, as it were, torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must now get back to the coast."

My eyes began to open considerably wider to the fact that I had not altogether misjudged my slippery friend of

former days, and indescribably tantalising visions of Moosa and a rope's end in my hand, came before me as I listened to the story which had been palmed off on my good-natured host.

Far from anything really having happened to the Doctor after his leaving this part of the country, Marenga, in the most assuring way, told me that not only had he passed on safely many days' journey (as men on the spot could testify from having carried his goods), but that he would most certainly have heard of it if any disaster had befallen him within several months' journey of the spot.

Now, from all this I gathered immense comfort. In Africa, I well knew by experience what was the savage's first resource when there was the least chance of a disturbance arising from a traveller's murder or robbery. There is one all prevalent instinct in him, which is that the less he knows the better, and that

silence is more valuable to him as a shield than anything else. Where retaliation and revenge are the order of the day, it is next to impossible to gain the least tidings of a missing man from those who know most about his disappearance.

The universal "Kaia" (I don't know) and the shrugged shoulders meet every question. When poor Bishop Mackenzie was lying in his newly dug grave at Malo, although he had died from natural causes, the natives steadily denied any Englishman having called there at all, and completely threw Dr. Kirk and his party off the scent, as I have mentioned before; and I am by no means sure the ignorance about Dr. Roscher's death, on the east side, was not an affected one.

But of course this was a different case, and the negative evidence it afforded in the present instance placed every doubt of the truth of Marenga's narrative beyond question. The Ma Zitu are such a terror

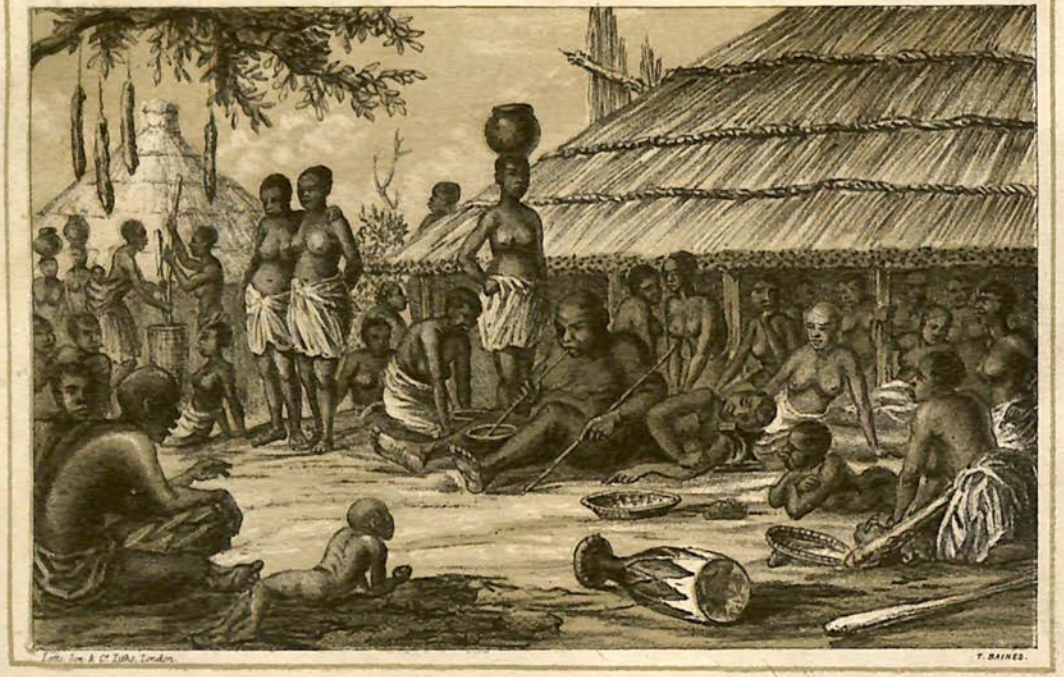
to the whole district, that nothing would have served these men so well, (supposing the Doctor had fallen by the hands of the common enemy,) as to represent the fact at once, and thus gain our co-operation against them. Instead of which, the old chief told me plainly enough that these marauders had not been in his neighbourhood at all.

Above all, when he had laughed heartily at the whole story, he proceeded to trace the Doctor's route according to information he had received, for a month from that place, and it was perfectly evident to me that our great traveller had never halted for a moment when Moosa and his comrades deserted him, but had just picked up such bearers as he could from village to village, and in this way had steadily pursued his journey. To confirm some part of this story, Marenga sent off for a man whom he said had acted as porter for some distance. Nor was I surprised when

the very man came to us who had in the morning spontaneously told me that he had acted in this capacity.

Marenga was now determined to give his curiosity full vent, for such a haul, or rather such an overhaul as an Englishman's boat and baggage is, does not often come to these native potentates. Not the least thing escaped him. I will leave him examining each article of bewonderment whilst I describe the chief to the reader, and some of the ways he has.

'He belongs, then, by birth to a tribe called variously Babisa, or A'Visa. It is one of the most powerful of any, and its people are famed on the east coast for their enterprise, distant travels, and courage. By them is brought the greater part of the ivory and slaves that reach the coast of Quilloa, Ibo, and Moçambique. As a rule, they have abstained from selling their own people into slavery, and hence their power. The firm courage and dash of a man like



Marenga and his forty Wives.

Marenga coming among the terror-stricken people of the lake shore, would easily form a nucleus to rally round, and he was now ensconced in power and luxury to any extent.

With great satisfaction he introduced me to forty of his young wives who, although not fair, and far under forty in years in any case, were as sleek as good living and pombi drinking could make them. Their reverence for their liege lord was excessive, and he could not stir without his least want or wish being anticipated by one or the other of them.

Marenga had led a hard life in his younger days, and had travelled far and wide. Now he was determined to take it easily and drink pombi to his heart's content. This latter determination engrossed the whole attention of more than one dusky Hebe, and the quantity the attentive damsels succeeded in getting their spouse to imbibe, was truly astonishing. One device

certainly never struck me before, and it is, I am afraid, too late to put it on record now the good old days are gone. It consists in tickling the patient when he has had quite enough to be good for him. In Marenga's case the operation seemed to answer the purpose of getting far more into him than was possible by other means, and his sober moments were anxiously looked for by us during our stay; the tickling was anything but to our fancy. However, in his better moods, he was confidential to a degree.

In one case he took me aside for a solemn consultation on a gun he had, which was so clad with charms outwardly, and so carefully provided with many nostrums inwardly, that when his enemies ever should come, the simple discharge of it, he assured me, would save him all further trouble. At first I treated this as a joke, but finally altered my opinion.

It was fortunate for the old man that my

curiosity was excited, otherwise I feel convinced that whenever the musket had been discharged by him, he, at the butt end, would assuredly have had a greater chance of being "put out of all further trouble" than his enemies would at the muzzle; nor should I have felt easy for such of his allies as might be in the vicinity unless their sculls happened to be splinter proof. Whilst he besought me piteously to give him gun-medicine I proceeded to unload the terrible weapon he placed in my hands, feeling, with the help of the ramrod, that all was not quite right.

First and foremost out came about three inches of stringy bark very much like oakum, then a plug of iron, then a conglomeration which I was gravely told was powerful medicine, but which required a pharmacopœia the most uncanny to elucidate. At a venture, I should say it consisted of brains (most likely human), snakes' skin, and castor oil, made into a kind of

ointment, and, for effect's sake, colored with red ochre. Then came another layer of bark-oakum, and astern of all, about a handful of coarse blasting powder, a dose in fact that was more fitted for a cannon than a musket. "It's sure to kill some one," said Marenga, looking gravely at me, and I quite concurred in the notion.

Natives, as a rule, have no idea of the strength of powder, and it is very common to see the protuberance of a badly united fracture of the collar bone, where a load of this kind has upset the unfortunate artillery-man head over heels, shattering at times his hands and the heads of the bystanders.

That the chief was a great slaver was certain, but it was very significant that we were never asked to buy any slaves whilst we were there. Indeed, his people told us that the previous Englishman had informed them how much he and his countrymen abhorred it: but he had

his redeeming qualities, and knew no better.

Surely if there be a representative still living of King Cole, he exists in our worthy host! Such a place for drumming and singing I never heard of. The first law of his court was, that the sound of singing should never be out of his ears, wherever he happened to be, and there seemed no chance of a repeal the whole time we were there.

On the 20th, after getting the latitude of Marenga's village, we bade adieu to the old fellow and his forty wives. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, he happened to be very drunk at the time. In one way we were lucky, for no delay took place for either parting cup or parting present. During his more sober moments in the morning, he gave us a very nice ox, which came in most acceptably.

Altogether, we were much impressed with our stay with the chief. His open-hearted frankness told us at once that the whole story

of Livingstone's murder was utterly false; at all events it had not taken place within the radius of his knowledge, and I was quite sure he was well informed as to all that went on for a long distance in the direction Livingstone had taken. It was useless, I felt, to go on the Doctor's tracks to gain more corroborative evidence. The Ajawas had since swept away the villages at which he had stayed on his onward journey, and I should find nothing but the old weary tale of burnt huts and human bones. Marenga made no disguise of the road taken by our traveller whatever, but warned me that if I did attempt to follow to Maksuro or Karadmarazuro, at both of which places the Doctor had rested, I should not find a soul living.

Amongst several little relics we brought away with us, were some pieces of nautical almanack for the year 1866, in which some seidlitz powders had been wrapped by Dr. Livingstone for the chief. Trifling

though the circumstance may be reckoned of finding such a clue to his travels, we have good reason to congratulate ourselves upon it, because it shows about the approximate date of his passing through Marenga's village.

We set sail at mid-day; there was a pleasure in contemplating the vast crowds assembled to see us off and in thinking we all parted great friends. The wind as usual increased very shortly to a gale, but we made good way and dropped anchor under shelter of Cape Maclear.

The next morning the wind was so strong that we were quite glad to find ourselves and our boat in such comfortable moorings. Nothing remained for us but to let the gale blow itself out, whilst we amused ourselves by making notes on the amount of beef it was possible for a hungry Makololo to eat in a given time. Truly it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the ox Marenga gave

us passed rapidly through every stage of steak and snack till there was but little of it left.

Cape Maclear is a singularly abrupt rocky promontory which juts out into the lake. A small island lies off it, separated by a narrow channel, through which there is just room for a boat to pass. Altogether, there is something very picturesque and bold about this high rocky headland, against which wind and wave dash with incessant fury in these truly wonderful lake storms. Nothing is more perplexing than the rapidity with which the seas get up. It appeared to me the waves rose much more suddenly than they would upon the ocean, and after a two hours' blow, the scene becomes wild and grand to a degree, albeit the sky is of an intense azure blue, and not a cloud is visible to obscure the brilliant sun or to aid the imagination in picturing the usual accompaniments of a storm.

Setting sail on the following morning,

we were again beaten back and had to run for shelter. An open boat stands no chance against such wind, although nothing would be easier, in the event of further service on the lake than to construct one, at a cost of a few additional pounds, which should be perfectly safe. After a time the wind dropped, and we proceeded some six or seven miles towards the Shiré.

The next day was the old story of blow and calm, with a heavy sea rolling in, which made the work with the oars very arduous.

We were now passing down a stretch of coast which it would be difficult to leave without a longing eye. To the traveller accustomed to the scorching feverish marshes or the abrupt rocky gorges of the mountains bordering on the lower Shiré, here seemed a land to make all such hardships forgotten. A gentle, but sufficient slope, leads one on to a tract of country which I have never seen equalled in Africa.

For a settlement nothing more could be desired. Well watered by numerous streams, with large glades, splendid trees scattered about instead of forming an overgrown forest, everything betokened health, and it seemed very hard not to let the eye rest on some signs or symptoms of husbandry.

My comrades equally with myself were enthusiastic in the praises of this beautiful land, and Dr. Livingstone's eulogy on the same locality came to my memory. Here, if anywhere, I believe a healthy and flourishing settlement might be established, and the probability of disease and fever must be reduced to a minimum on a slope, say 2,000 feet above the lower Shiré, and on which the cool air off the lake plays; there is, besides, an absence of marsh and tangled vegetation. A little colony here would command a flourishing ivory trade, and it would hold the outlet from the lake, being situated so close to

the spot where the Shiré makes its exit from its waters. Safe harbours abound. I verily believe that success would attend an attempt made to bring about better things for this people, "scattered and peeled" as they are.

It only requires a master mind to drop down amongst them, and a handful of Englishmen would in a few months find themselves surrounded by a very large population to whom it would be quite possible to show how plainly unity is strength, and how suicidal is the slave trade and the incessant petty warfares resulting from it.

Trade might be organised with the neighbouring tribes, and parties sent off in all directions to collect ivory, the staple produce of this region. It is perfectly certain a very large accumulation of drifting population would be only too glad to rally round one common centre.

The Makololo settlement at Chibisa's will stand as a case in point. That spot is

notoriously obnoxious to them, on account of the heat and the dislike they have to living on such low ground. Nor are they free from great jealousies amongst themselves; in fact, it is only the fear of a common enemy which holds them together. Nevertheless Manganjas, Ma Chinkas, and Ajawas have willingly paid homage to this semblance of stability, and the population is now exceedingly large and likely to increase.

It must be remembered, that the country we are now speaking of lies very far above the unhealthy level of the rivers; in round numbers the lake surface stands 1,800 feet above the water system of the low lands, and all that is necessary is to hit on the healthy season to ascend the rivers and gain the high land, as we did, without an hour's sickness. The experience of former days—dearly bought it is true—has led to the above conclusions, and I look on the difficulties of a journey

to Lake Nyassa as being reduced to just that amount of adventure which lends a charm to an active man.

I most earnestly recommend the consideration of the subject to any of our energetic Missionary Societies at home or abroad, for, with a thorough knowledge of the privations, hardships, and disasters undergone by the Universities' Mission in the days past, there was an all pervading regret in my mind, whilst sailing south of the Cape Maclear, that they had not pushed on for this most beautiful country. We had again to come to anchor, under the lee of a sandspit, from the fury of the mid-day gale.

24th. We were now nearing the entrance to the Shiré and saw several of the natives belonging to Mapunda, the chief who lives at the spot where the waters flow from the lake. These men were Ma Chinka's, and it was quite evident they had seen Dr. Livingstone:

one of them acted as our pilot to the chief's town.

To-day, September 25th, we reached Mapunda. With the exception of Marenga's town, it was by far the most important place we had visited, and we hoped to gain much valuable information respecting our traveller; nor were we disappointed, as the sequel will show.

Unfortunately, Mapunda himself was away on his travels; but his mother, a very intelligent old lady, received us with the most cordial delight, and furnished us with every detail which either her memory or our cross-questioning could suggest. This was the village in which Moosa reported himself to have been robbed and ill-treated. He and his comrades had been deprived of their guns, and here also the Havildar expired—so said our arch-romancer.

The most interesting news which we gleaned was that the Doctor had left poor Wakotani with this chief after staying here

for three weeks. Such a long stay may be accounted for by his desire to await the boy's recovery from his lameness, in order that he might be able to proceed with him. Be this as it may, the old woman and her people described to us the sad state of the boy's feet, and it was quite evident, from what they said, nothing but a long rest would have cured him. In fact, it is evident that he did subsequently recover, for he was now away with Mapunda, to our great chagrin.

It certainly seemed very hard to have missed seeing the faithful lad, who would have told us every incident of the Doctor's travels, almost as well as his master's despatches. But there was no hope of his return for a long time. Indeed, from what I gleaned, it seemed probable to me he would make for the coast at the first opportunity, and might already be half-way there. I was told that the Doctor had given him papers which he had written.

These might either be letters to ensure him a passage to Zanzibar, should he come across any man-of-war on the coast, or even despatches.

The natives brought me a small book Wakotani had left in his hut, called "The First Footsteps in the way of Knowledge:" the lad's name is written in it: "This book belongs to Wakotani, Bombay, 15 December, 1864," and there are other school-boy scribblings also. I had it replaced by my Bible, and it was with pleasure I gave it, on my return to England, to one who had stood by when Wakotani saw the white man for the first time, and gave his footsteps freedom by cutting the slave thongs from the lad's limbs in years gone past, upon the Manganja hills. I then set to work to write him a long letter describing the story we had heard in England and our reasons for coming hither. I implored him to make his way to the first European settlement he could reach, either via Quil-

limane or more to the north on the east coast, and on no account to cut himself off from his civilized associations.

We were informed that the lad had discovered a brother at Mapunda's, and on requesting to see him, a lad was brought to us so unmistakably like Wakotani, it did not require a second glance to establish his identity.

The old chieftainess certainly did everything she could to show her high appreciation of the English.

And here let me pay a tribute to the character of Livingstone. His extensive travels place him at the head of modern explorers, for no one has dared to penetrate where he has been, no one has through a lengthy series of years devoted so much of life to searching out tribes hitherto unknown, and I believe his equal will rarely, if ever, be found in one particular and essential characteristic of the true explorer.

He has the most singular faculty of

ingratiating himself with natives whithersoever he travels. A frank open-hearted generosity, combined with a constant jocular way in treating with them, carries him through all. True, it is nothing but the most iron bravery which enables a man thus to move amongst difficulties and dangers with a smile on his face, instead of a haggard, careworn, or even a suspicious look. Certain it is also, that wherever he has passed, the natives are only too anxious to see other Englishmen, and in this way we must crown him, King of African Pioneers.

Our hostess was never tired of talking about him. One very significant fact she detailed. "The Doctor's heart was sick," she said, "on account of Moosa and those who were with him." When I told her that their return through her village was owing to their having deserted their master, she said they were a set of runaway cowards, and as to the Ma Zitu, they were

nowhere in those quarters at all through which Livingstone had to pass, and she herself knew of his having gone on for a month in safety. I likewise ascertained that there was a very bitter feeling between her people and Marenga's, and it would have been a great card for the old lady to play, if she had heard that the Doctor had met his death anywhere in Marenga's vicinity.

Amongst other things, I told my good old hostess that Moosa reported to Dr. Kirk it was in her town that he and his comrades were plundered of their goods. This was too much for her. She waxed wrath most palpably, and I confess I admired the indignation shown at the slander which she evidently felt had been flung at her fair fame by these men, to whom, judging by our present treatment, everything had been done for their comfort.

Standing erect in the middle of her assembled people, she stooped and picked

up a handful of sand, and then, looking up to the sky, and again down to the ground, she slowly let it trickle from her hand, and with all the solemnity of a heavy oath, declared that every word was utterly false; and I believed her.

With emphasis she said that Livingstone was her son's great friend, and that he had done all he could to help him on his way. As to evil befalling him, she knew it was false, and if it had come to him at Marenga's, her son's people would have avenged him, strong as Marenga was.

She was certainly the most remarkable native woman I had ever come across, and the respect shown for her by all her people, was profound. Again the dog Chitani was discussed with great glee: and the old lady laughingly said that it seemed as if he had *two tails*.

Relating this story to Mr. Waller on my return, he at once offered me a clue to it which strikes me as being very probably correct.

Dr. Livingstone, ever ready for a joke, had once entered into a discussion on some point in natural history, which led to a question on certain characteristics being retained in animals, in spite of domestication. Mr. Waller instanced Buffon's assertion that "a dog is an animal whose tail curls to the left." This was too much for the Doctor, and his dismay was complete at finding nearly every pristine cur in the Manganja hills actually wearing his tail with a left-handed bend in it. The Doctor complained bitterly that he was now compelled through life to walk out of his way when he heard a dog bark, to see which way his tail curled, and I was reminded that he once sent a message twenty miles in triumph to his friend, telling him where a small dog was to be seen in a certain village, an exception to the general rule.

It struck us, that perhaps Livingstone had picked up a dog in his travels,

according to his own heart, or rather his own side of the argument. The lads with him would appreciate the old joke to the full, but in the event of their making a stay in a village, it would be difficult to convey it to their hearers. Thus "Chitani" would be instanced as a dog whose "tail turns this way" whilst in fact "it ought to turn that way," according to somebody else, and so, what with helping the story out with gesticulation, great laughs over old days, and an utter ignorance of the real point at issue, it is very likely the natives had solved the difficulty for themselves in this original way, viz., by saying Chitani had two tails.

26th. I should have said, that during our stay here, provisions of all kinds were furnished to us without our being asked for a return of any sort. It was hard to refuse to sojourn one day longer with the "Machi Mapunda."

Amongst these tribes a woman changes

her name when she bears children, not before. Thenceforth, she takes the name of "Mother of So-and-so," whatever her first child may be named: thus the mother of Mapunda would be called Machi Mapunda; the word "Machi" being the abbreviation of "Maii àchi,"—his mother.

To-day she presented us with a fine sheep, saying with true native courtesy, she imagined we must be hungry. I improved the occasion by telling her I much wished to make a separate exploration by turning off our track from this place, if she would furnish us with guides, to whom I was prepared to give good pay.

Livingstone I knew had come through M'Kata's country, which lay inland from the river on the opposite side, perhaps some forty miles. I believed that in all probability he had left despatches there, as large Arab caravans, with slaves and ivory, touched at this powerful chief's town, on their way coastwards.

Besides this, there was a mystery about these Johanna deserters; it seemed as if some of them had broken away before the Doctor arrived thus far; it was certain, that only a few of them were with him whilst he stayed for three weeks at Mapunda's. But all this was useless. It was the old story! M'Kata was at war with Mapunda, and any guides would be killed, to a moral certainty, if they fell into his hands. I tried all the force of persuasion but with no success whatever; not a soul would think of undertaking such a journey. The war with the Ma Zitu added to the fears of these people: the whole country, in fact, trembles at the very name of them.

I was informed that Malémia, the Ajawa chief (whose place we should reach shortly, in our descent of the Shiré), would possibly afford us the assistance we wished, as he was friendly with M'Kata; so, after a most cordial adieu,

we set sail once more on the 27th, and making a good run through the beautiful country which bounds the stream, we anchored for the night when we reached the southern end of the small Lake Pamalombe.

I should add that our time had lasted out so well, I saw that it would be possible still to go to the north end of Lake Nyassa, but, on putting the question to the Makololo, they evinced such a determination to return at once to Chibisá's, the journey was out of the question, more especially as there was weight in that which they said.

The Ma Zitu, in fact, lay at the bottom of all. It was not unnatural they should be anxious to regain their homes as soon as possible, and they stated that the moment I put the boat's head round to re-enter the lake, they would all jump over-board and swim to shore. They protested that they had come for a definite purpose, which was to ascertain

"Narki's" fate, and this was now accomplished, and their task was consequently at an end. I was powerless to go without them, for it is necessary to have a certain number of men to work at the oars.

On the 28th we reached Malémia's about 2 p.m. We found that a panic existed here, as elsewhere, on account of the Ma Zitu, and the chief was now encamped on an island which lay just off shore. In many respects it was a wise move. The enemy had come down in great force to the opposite bank, it appeared, and had caught some of his people, who were hoeing their gardens at the time. Their first question had been as to who we were, going up the river in a boat with sails: I dare say the answer was fully adapted to the occasion, and that we were represented to be the advance guard of a mighty host coming up to exterminate the Ma Zitu in general, and to uphold Malémia in particular.

The island could only be reached by passing across a tree that was felled to serve as a bridge. It would of course be almost impossible to take the position, supposing this bridge to be defended by bowmen and muskets well served from the rocks on either side, and one could not but wish them safety in their strong-hold.

28th. As there was now a good opportunity, Mr. Faulkner started off inland to take advantage of it, hoping to get some shooting. We agreed on a rendezvous so many days hence.

Malémia's curiosity knew no bounds. Poor fellow, was it difficult to conceive the delight it would be, could he but have a glimpse into futurity, and here were the very men for his purpose! Nothing would do but that we must tell him just when the Ma Zitu would go away into their own country, and leave him his province, that he might return to his own beautiful hills, which looked down upon the Shiré.

He had heard from the Arabs that there was a wonderful race called the English, although till we came he had never seen a white man. We, said his informants, had books which told us everything that was going to happen: more to the point (and a piece of information perhaps very valuable in future operations) was the character the English bore on the coast: Malémia knew us by repute as a people given to snapping up all dhows and slave dealers whenever we came across them.

Another great want of the chief's was gun medicine: if we would only let him have ever so little of that wonderful stuff we used in order to make our rifles carry so far and so true, then we should confer an everlasting boon upon him. It was no use to protest; it was a fixed idea in his mind.

A moment came at last, when Malémia thought he had certainly arrived at the secret. Mr. Faulkner was busy filling some cartridges of a peculiar construction,

which required a certain amount of saw-dust to be inserted in them, and for this purpose he carried with him a small box of that material. In an instant all was plain enough. Here was the infallible compound! His entreaties were almost piteous: if he might but have even a pinch, then who could stand against him?

In vain my companion protested it was all nonsense, Malémia saw in every refusal an additional hidden charm in the saw dust, and at last his importunity gained him a fist-full of the much-desired gun medicine; the care that was taken of it—even to the picking up of the smallest grains—was ludicrous.

Amongst the coins he wore round his neck I noticed several English pieces, a five shilling piece and a half-crown included. I showed him a sovereign, and he confirmed a report we have heard in several quarters, as to the existence of gold to the eastward of lake Nyassa, saying the metal was rather lighter in

colour than that I showed him; I should mention the coin I held in my hand was an old and rather dirty one.

I tried again and again for assistance to reach M'Kata's, but it seemed hopeless. As a climax, some natives arrived from Mapunda's to-day, reporting that M'Kata had been beaten by the Ma Zitu, and driven to take refuge in the mountains, the better to defend himself.

Rumours also came to us, that the enemy was threatening to cross the Shiré at Mankokwi's, and that a large encampment was even then at Mount Chorè, which overlooks the river at that point. I thought it prudent, in this case, to send the Makololos forward as soon as I could spare them, not only to guard their own homes, but to prevent the river being crossed by the Ma Zitu, who, if once they got on the west bank, would cut off our retreat and most likely destroy our basis of operations which I held Chibisá's to be.

CHAPTER V.

WAR'S TROUBLES—EFFECTS OF AN OLD LESSON—SCRAPE WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS — TRUST AMONGST NATIVES — CONFIDENCE SHAKEN—RESTORED — A YARN IN THE HILLS, AND THE SPINNER THEREOF— LEAVE CHIBISA'S — ANOTHER SCRAPE, THIS TIME WITH AN ELEPHANT — 'POTAMUS HUNTERS— ZAMBESI AGAIN—REFLECTIONS—CONFIRMATION OF LIVINGSTONE'S SAFETY — OUR CONCLUSIONS ON MOOSA'S SPECIALITÉ —RETURN TO THE CAPE — AND HOME.

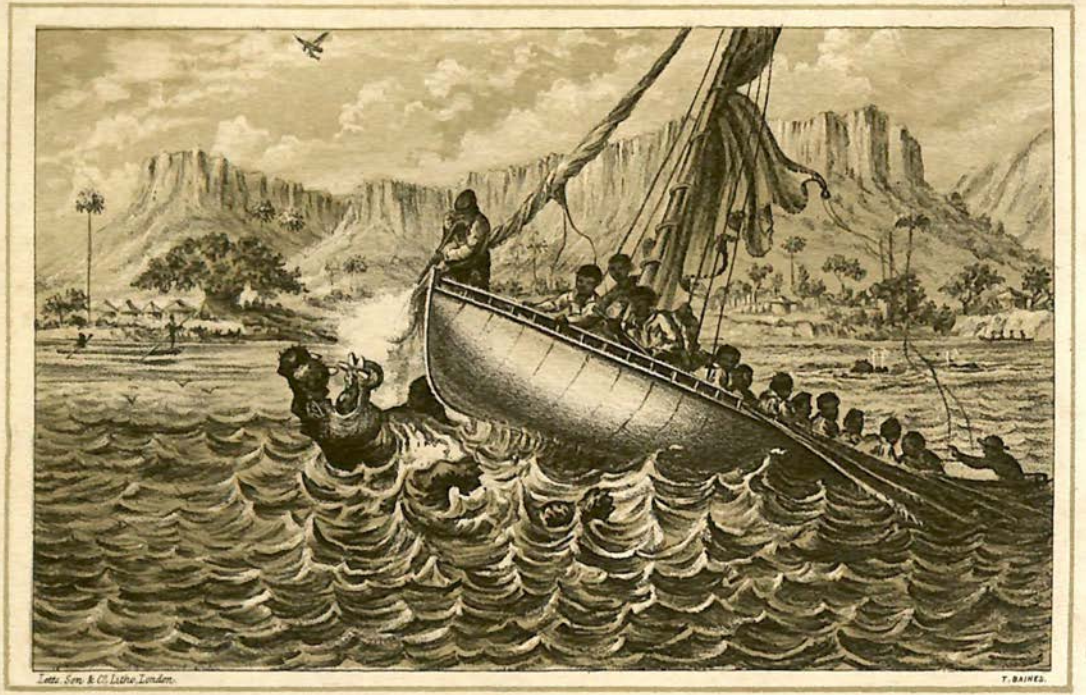
OCTOBER 1st. It was with regret we left Milémia to-day. He is by far the best specimen of a savage I ever came across There is something exceedingly noble in his bearing, and a frank honesty which is perfectly winning. In former travels we have noticed such characters here and there amongst the natives. A kind of free-masonry seems to tell you, that although your new acquaintance has never set eyes on the white man before, no reservation need exist after the first day or two. He is telling you the truth, you feel, and he is anxious to help you; in the presence of a new friend he has laid aside the network

of evasion, and carefulness about words, which, as a defence, is never absent at other times from the native mind. True it is, such cases are rare, and perhaps still more rare is it for savages to be able to trust a new comer.

I must most strenuously deny that doctrine which maintains that a deep-rooted suspicion of all things foreign is an element likely to defeat the aim of those who would raise such tribes to a higher level: it is nothing of the sort.

The man whose conduct is open and true towards them will be canvassed, talked over, watched to his minutest deed, and, if he stands the test, the respect, nay, the affection he gains will answer for the old adage that "vice," or rather ignorance in this case, must and does pay homage to virtuous and upright conduct.

Our boat nearly came to grief from a hippopotamus. We had struck him



Encounter with a Hippopotamus.

on the head with a rifle ball, and his struggles were tremendous. All we could do to keep him from getting under the boat seemed useless, and the blows dealt to our steel vessel shook her from stem to stern. Fortunately, it was not a deliberate attack, but only the convulsions of the dying monster. Had it been a smaller boat, or one less strongly built, we should have been upset and smashed to pieces.

October 2nd. We reached Cachéché's this morning. He and his people were encamped on an island, and the all-prevailing fear of the Ma Zitu was, as usual, the first greeting we had.

There were rumours of a threatened crossing at Chibisá's, which made the Makololo wild with excitement to get back to their homes. I sent off two of their party the first thing, both to gain positive information, and also to hasten up a party of bearers from their settlement, in order

that the boat might be carried down to Ma Titti without delay.

We now set to work busily, and for two days were employed in unscrewing the several sections of the boat, arranging burdens for the carriers, and doing the hundred and one things necessary in finishing off a water cruise to begin a land journey. Unfortunately, so great was the distress here, we could not buy much food, and our men went on very short commons. It was not Cachéché's fault; he and his people would have helped us to the best of their power, and in saying this, much is implied.

These very men knew perfectly well that a few years since, Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie had punished their tribe most severely in several desperate attempts to stay the slave trade. Thousands of them had been driven pell-mell out of their strongholds, and scattered to the four winds. In the very encampment we now

rested at on our downward journey were many, I dare say, who had lost all when they were defeated, but the lesson, with time to aid it, had produced its own effect.

The good Bishop's motive was not only thoroughly understood now by his enemies, but was likewise so well appreciated that the Ajawas knew it was only the wholesale destruction for the purposes of the slave trade that he had been determined to stop.

At Magomero, the helpless women who had been left behind when their flight took place at Urumba, found an asylum, albeit they were of the Ajawa camp. These, from time to time would steal away, and, as deserters, rejoin their tribe which still hovered round the Manganja territory. They told their own tale of the kindness shown to them, above all, of the care and respect with which the dead were buried (for many died at Magomero when the famine and disease fell upon them), and the Ajawa found it hard to string his bow and

re-paint his arrow with poison against the English, whose simple war-cry was, "Out the Portuguese slavers must go; for neither they nor you shall murder and pillage here."

I repeat that no one knew better than Cachéché, Chöe's son, of the former deeds in the hills, severely as his tribe had suffered in consequence, but again, no one was more prepared to put utter faith in the English than he. I do not hesitate to affirm that if future efforts are made in this country, the deeds of Mackenzie and his comrades will turn out to be what they then believed them to be—namely, necessary and imperative upon them as Christian men. Time will develop the effect, nay, it has done so, past all belief. The motive is understood; the then enemies of the English are now foremost friends, and they are convinced, as they say, that the slave trade is indeed their ruin.

We stayed at this place with mingled

feelings of pleasure and regret: there was a voice from the past, and a beckoning hand from the future; it seems hard to think bread cast upon such waters shall not come back.

It was now a month since we had any reliable down-stream news, and I was anxious to communicate with the lower end of the cataracts without loss of time, to ascertain what foundation there was for the fragments of alarm that met us here.

News came to us on the 5th that the road was clear hence to Chibisá's, and that we might expect a party of men up in two days, from that place, to carry all our traps.

Our resting the next day—for it was Sunday—had only this drawback; comparatively empty stomachs. As luck would have it, however, two of the numerous hippopotami we had killed on our downward voyage floated to this spot, and although they were more than "high," it

was not long before there was meat enough for everybody, far and near.

The heat was very oppressive; the thermometer stood 100° in the shade, and 135° in the sun.

At night several Ajawa chiefs came to me, and stated that if I liked to employ their people to carry our boat past the cataracts, they were willing to do so at once. The confidence they put in us was extraordinary. I told them I should be very glad to avail myself of the offer, but, unfortunately, I was without any cloth to pay them in advance—an invariable understanding, I may add, amongst natives. They told me that they knew what we promised we should perform, and that the men were quite willing to work for us with the understanding they should receive their wages on our arrival at Ma Titti, where my store of calico lay in charge of the sailor and two Krumen I had left there for the purpose.

One hundred and fifty fine fellows appeared early the following morning, and in no time we were under weigh. The heat was terrific, and I could not sufficiently admire the pluck of these men who carried the steel sections of the boat in places where it was stifling. For instance, there were spots where the sun's rays off the rocks made the mercury rise to 110° in the shade, and 105° was the common mid-day heat; to place the hand upon the steel plates was impossible.

On the morrow, we came to a very large body of Ajawas who had just fled before the Ma Zitu, and had crossed the river for safety. Their accounts of the destruction in the hills were very heartrending. A woman, it seems, had escaped from the enemy's camp, and we were informed of the feeling existing among the Ma Zitu concerning us. It appears that our passing up the Shiré was well known to them; but our object merely conjectured. She

stated that it was supposed we were Portuguese, at first, but subsequently it became known we were English, and a halt had taken place in their operations, in order that we might be watched. A report was rife amongst them that the "Search" was merely *avant courier* to a large fleet coming up to stay the onslaught of the Ma Zitu!

It seems that, true to the Caffre instinct, muskets are quite despised by this warlike horde. Although they have captured great numbers, they are in no instances put to use; but, on the contrary, they are cut up, and the metal turned into spear-heads and the points of assegais. It is a wise plan. In native warfare, the man who goes in at close quarters always wins the day. The young savage who will but make a bold rush, shield in hand, has a far better chance than his poor skulking foe, whose faith is pinned to the superannuated E. I. Co.'s musket in his hand, which, in spite of "medicine," requires much doctor-

ing, and less touch-hole, to say nothing of a flint being requisite in the place of a fragment of quartz: the muskets are, in fact, the least reliable weapons of the natives.

The 9th, 10th, and 11th were but repetitions of the previous day's journey. The heat was very great, and the men suffered in consequence. Still, I was anxious not to lose a moment, and it was with great satisfaction I sighted Ma Titti at mid-day on the 11th, having accomplished the journey in four-and-a-half days.

But my chagrin was great when I found that, instead of being able to pay my faithful carriers in the liberal manner it had been a pleasure to contemplate, a most bitter vexation now stared me in the face. The bale of calico I had reckoned upon was almost worthless, and this owing to the culpable neglect of the man in charge. There it lay in the boat, saturated with water, in company

with a number of other packages, all alike, indeed rotting and fermenting! Disappointment was no word for it; indeed, I do not know that any mishap, during the whole trip, caused me such keen annoyance as this. It was such a bad return, I felt, for all the confidence placed in us. There was nothing for it, but to call the Ajawas together, and let the case speak for itself. I showed them the calico, explained how it had become so seriously damaged, and produced from my own kit various articles of clothing that tumbled to pieces as I held them up before them. Their annoyance was of course natural, and I was not surprised to see it expressed, for it was purely and simply a shame, and entirely owing to the grossest carelessness.

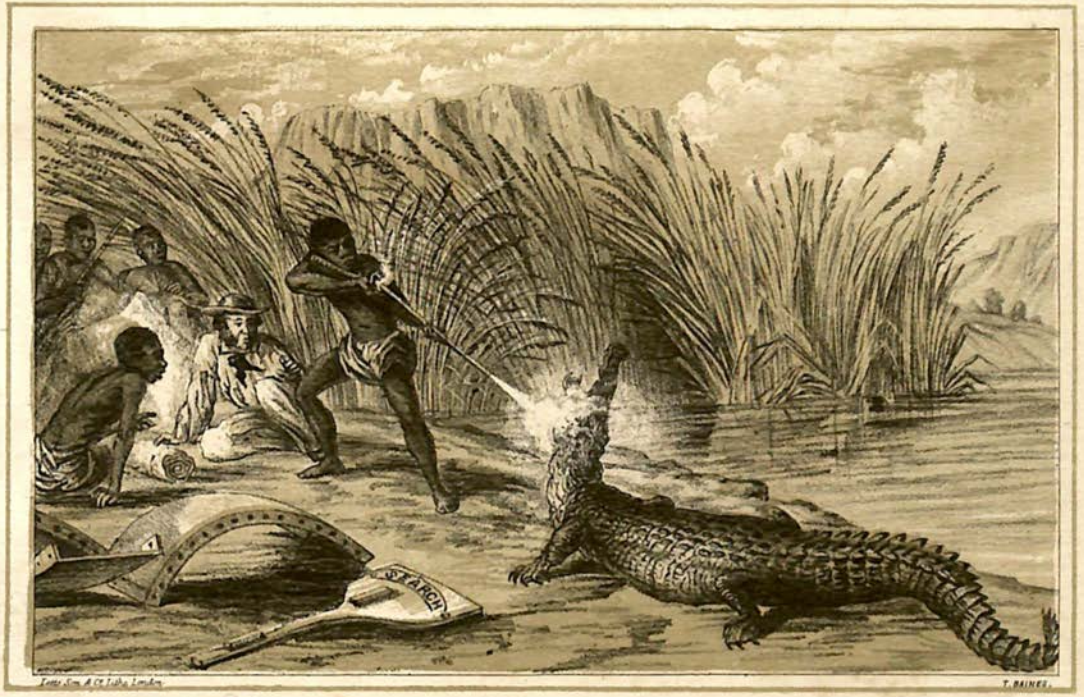
We remained at Ma Titti till the morning of the 18th, engaged in re-constructing the boat, and taking a rest for a day or two from our incessant labour. I dealt out the damaged calico to the Ajawas, and

by giving it away in large quantities, and adding numerous small articles of different kinds, I succeeded in dismissing them very well pleased on the whole with their employers; but, poor fellows, they were not rewarded in the manner I deemed proper, and I shall never cease to regret it.

The grave of Mr. Richard Thornton lay hard by, and I gave employment to a detachment of my followers in heaping up a large number of stones into the form of a well marked monument over the remains of one so dearly loved by all who knew him. I also had a large cross placed in the baobab tree which stands at the head of the grave, and I think time will spend many, many years in effacing the only tribute an old friend could pay to the memory of one whose life would have added vast results to science had he survived.

We were nearly having a dire mishap to-day, and from a quarter little

suspected. I have alluded before to the extreme audacity of the crocodiles. As our men were standing on the shore, a few yards from the river, to their dismay a huge crocodile rushed from the water open mouthed at them. I had never heard of such a thing before, in fact I had spent hours in this very spot at the water's edge netting fish. But the ferocity of this brute showed how unsafe it is to stand so close. Most fortunately, the man at whom he darted, had his rifle in his hand and literally drove a ball through its head at his very feet *(see illustration)*. The fact is established beyond doubt that the crocodile strikes his victim first with his tail, in order to seize it crosswise, when thrown to the ground; in the case of a human being, for instance, the creature is unable to turn its head sufficiently to catch the legs. We were the more surprised at this attempt, because it was the time of year in which the water is clear. When



Alligator Attempting to seize John Gaitty.

in flood it is much clouded and muddy, then, from the difficulty of seeing fish, the natural food of the crocodile, there is not so much wonder at its indiscriminate attacks on anyone or anything it may be able to catch hold of for a meal.

We arrived at Chibisa's on the 18th, and were received most gladly by the natives there of all denominations, Ajawas, Manganjas, Ma Chinkas, and Makololo. Foremost amongst them were the protégés of the Universities' Mission in former days. An old friend met me also, whom I was glad to see, the Ajawa chief Kapéné.

In 1863 he was a man of great influence in his tribe, and came down most unexpectedly to see Mr. Waller, who remained behind after Bishop Tozer's withdrawal from that part of the country. At that time his visit had great significance. It was the first actual conference between any member of the English party in the country and the Ajawas. Hitherto they

had been pitted against each other on the slavery question, and every attempt at a parley had proved abortive whensoever it was sought by Bishop Mackenzie and his companions.

The result of the interview I allude to was, that Mr. Waller came to a thorough understanding with Kapéné that these slave wars would leave the land in time to the hyenas, and the rivers to the crocodiles, and that the only motives the missionaries had in putting a stop to the traffic was for the benefit alike of Ajawas and Manganjas. Kapéné, at the time, showed the most marked attention to all that was said, and left for his hill country impressed fully with the doctrine taught him—viz., that if he and his fellow chiefs wished to exist, it must be by strong alliances, not by internal wars brought about by kidnapping and all the villanies of the slave trade. Therefore, it was with some satisfaction I now found the chief had ap-

peared at Chibisa's, anxious to unite with the Makololo against the common foe. For this purpose he waved several nasty points of antagonism that had existed between them before. Kapéné had never forgotten his first interview with the English in 1863, indeed, at that very meeting he had invited the missionaries to take up their quarters with him in the high land.

I was rather startled with one piece of news that was brought to me to-day. An Ajawa, it seems, had been captured some years previously by the Ma Zitu, and had been as one of them till very lately, when, spear and shield in hand, he made his escape, and after various adventures turned up amidst his countrymen at Chibisa's. From him we heard of Livingstone having been in a skirmish with the Ma Zitu somewhere to the east of Lake Nyassa, and that he had killed a very influential chief (indeed, if the statement was to be believed, the

principal one) with a small gun he carried with him, and which, from the description, evidently was a revolver.

This set me thinking a great deal, and but for the certainty that the collision had taken place on the east side of the lake, and that we had steadily traced the Doctor up the west side, and away safely towards the interior, it would have formed a most important item of intelligence. As it is, it appears probable an attack upon our traveller's party early in his travels had thus been summarily put an end to. Our informant was terribly adrift as to dates, but the time he mentioned would approximate pretty closely to that of the Doctor's being in the country. Sure it was, said he, that all the Ma Zitu were so dismayed and panic stricken, they had fled from him and left him to pursue his journey unmolested. They were now, we heard, settled at Magomero and Choro.

19th. I spent a good part of the 19th in

having the graves of the Rev. H. Scudamore and Mr. J. Dickinson thoroughly restored, and I also erected two very large crosses over them. The natives have certainly paid the most marked attention to them. I was rather struck with finding that one child of Maloko, chief of the Makololo, had been named by his father after Dr. Dickinson; other natives have done this honour to their old friends, albeit there is a great difficulty in pronouncing our English names. Dr. Dickinson had been mainly instrumental in saving Maloko's life after he had been dreadfully mutilated by a wounded elephant.

We had a thorough rest on the 20th, as it was Sunday. It was not without much comfort and thankfulness we read prayers and a sermon. Our success had been as great in accomplishing the task set us, as had been the manifest mercies which brought us through in good health, without any casualty by land or water.

A very fair specimen of native cunning came under our notice. The Makololo seemed wonderfully well informed as to the doings in the camp of the Ma Zitu. It appeared that shortly after our departure for the lake, an Ajawa volunteered to go and act spy,—no easy task, when it is remembered the Ma Zitu army is made up of a heterogeneous mass, many of whom would in all probability pass him through a stiffish ordeal of cross-examination. However, the fellow succeeded. He deserted the Makololo ostensibly, and went to live with the enemy for some time as a recruit. Once received amongst them, he spread the most dire accounts of an overwhelming force of English coming up the river to espouse the cause of the valley folks, and completely succeeded in paralysing their movements. This object gained, he quietly left the camp one night, and returned to Chibisa's with an accurate knowledge of all that was passing in the

hills. It was a very daring thing to do, and more than ever convinced us of the extreme caution necessary at all times in receiving native testimony, whenever an interested motive can be detected: this, in fact, should be the first object of the cross-examiner to search for, when interrogating savages.

21st Oct. The heat we felt very oppressive. This is the hottest time of year, but always healthy for those who can stand the clear, cloudless sun. When the bush fires are at their height, the smoke, in a measure, takes away from its penetrating rays, but still, we found the thermometer at 100°. We left Chibisa's on the morrow: many heavy hearts were amongst the group on shore, assembled to witness our departure. Poor fellows, there was no mistake about their sorrow at our going. I had some very urgent requests from a few of the women to take them to the Zambesi, in order that they might live with the Senna

people who had come up as our canoemen. They were forlorn creatures, without relations or friends amongst their people here, and I finally gave them a passage down. A few amongst them were afraid of the Makololo, and we had fair evidence that it was a merciful thing to remove them from the chance of falling victims to the outraged feelings of their masters, whatever might have been the merits of the case.

To repeat the downward journey would only tire the reader's patience; suffice it to say, the progress of the boats was impeded by the shallowness of the river. All went pretty well till we reached the Elephant marsh on the 24th, when a sad accident caused us a good deal of anxiety for our most faithful Shupanga boatman, on whose honesty and courage I had always been able to rely.

I was anxious to procure meat for some of our folks, and had succeeded in putting four balls into the head of an immense bull

hippopotamus, but my usual luck forsook me, for kill him I could not, and the boat drifting and turning about a good deal, it was only at the tenth shot I finally despatched him. Unfortunately, he sank in deep water. I jumped on the bank, and began to try if it were possible to get a noose sent down under water, by one of our best divers, in order that we might raise him. Singularly enough, a huge "rogue" elephant, nothing dismayed by the firing, appeared just ahead of us, and before I was aware of it, "John Gaitty" seized a rifle, and, approaching him, fired full at the head of the animal. The elephant charged instantly, and before the poor fellow could get away he was most terribly tossed and mauled *(see illustration)*.

When I came to the spot I found him with a large tusk wound the whole length of the under part of the thigh, his eyes nearly pushed out of his head, and some ribs broken on the left side. I never

saw a man so badly gored with a chance of recovery, and for the time I thought there was no possibility of saving him whatever. I laid him on the bank, and called a halt for the night, expecting to see him expire every moment. By dint of tight bandaging I was so far successful as to stop the bleeding. It was a wearisome night, watching by the poor fellow, for the mosquitoes were, as usual, in millions. However, he rallied a little towards morning, and we got him into the boat, and proceeded down stream, and after a good pull arrived at Malo.

And now the last tribute we could pay to poor Bishop Mackenzie's memory took us to the lone reed-bed on the opposite shore, and we erected a very large wooden cross in the place of the smaller one, which had fallen down, owing to the united influence of flood and fire. We had the grave also plastered over to a considerable height, and as far as it is possible

for a memorial of him to remain in such a spot, we insured it for a considerable time.

27th. Leaving Malo we came on a number of the Akombwi, a race of hippopotamus hunters, and arrived just in time to see a most exciting display of their courage and skill in capturing these denizens of the Shiré marshes. There were not less than twenty harpoons sticking into a half-grown hippopotamus, and his exertions to tear himself away from the men who were hauling him bodily ashore were truly frightful. To add to the effect, another huge animal, exasperated at his sufferings, dashed boldly in and crunched up one of the canoes as if it had been a bundle of matches.

I do not know that there is anything in the way of sport that requires such consummate courage and coolness as this mode of hunting. The hunter has to trust entirely to his activity with the paddle to escape the charges of the animal,

and a touch from the monster upsets the frail canoes as easily as a skiff would be capsized by a touch from a steamer on the Thames. It requires, in fact, that the harpooner should keep his balance exactly as he stands in the bow of his long slim canoe, and that during the utmost excitement. The moment the weapon is lodged in the hippopotamus, he has to sit down, seize his paddle, and escape, or he is instantly attacked: nor is the next stage of proceedings less fraught with danger.

It now becomes necessary to get hold of the pole, which floats on the water: the iron head of the harpoon, which has come out of its socket, remains attached to this pole by a long and very strong rope. The hunter hauls upon this till he knows that the hippopotamus is under water, just "up-and-down" beneath his canoe. To feel for the moment when the line suddenly slackens—a sure sign he is rising to the

surface—and to prepare to deliver another harpoon the instant his enormous jaws appear with a terrific roar above water within a few feet of you, is about as great a trial of nerve as can very well be imagined.

Constantly are the canoes crushed to atoms. The only escape then is to dive instantly, and gain the shore by swimming under water, for the infuriated animal swims about looking on the surface for his enemies, and one bite is quite enough to cut a man in two. When I add, that the presence of blood in the water is the sign for every crocodile within hail to lick his lips and make up stream to the spot, I am sure it recommends itself as sport to the most enthusiastic canoer in England, or the most blasé sportsman who ever had "done all that sort of thing, and got sick of it," in the common routine of English sports. The Akombwi will show him more pluck in half an hour, and more exercise

of muscle, brain, and nerve, than in any sport I ever saw.

As a race, the men are magnificent. To watch the evolutions of their canoes as they pass and repass over the deep pools in which the hippopotami lie, is a very beautiful sight. Each canoe is manned by two men, and the harpooner's attitude, as he stands, erect and motionless, with the long weapon poised at arm's length above his head, would make the painter or the sculptor envious of a study. Hard exercise and activity develop every muscle, and the men, as a rule, have the most magnificent figures. They are as generous as they are brave. They lead a wandering life, living mostly on the rivers, establishing villages for a year or two in one place or another, where their families build huts and cultivate. The flesh of the hippopotami they kill is always eagerly exchanged for grain by the natives along the river, and the curved teeth, the hardest

of all ivory, find a ready market with the Portuguese.

We were not in want of a joint of the animal they were just despatching when we arrived, for the hippopotamus I killed (when John Gaitty was so terribly wounded by the elephant), floated after a time, and we found him stranded on a sand spit, surrounded by a halo of crocodiles, who did not know where to begin. We disturbed these gentlemen in their patient waiting for the sun's making him so tender that he would be more easily managed than in his present tough state, and supplied our boats' crews to their stomachs' content.

Nothing occurred of any interest for the next few days: it was the same sameness of marsh, reed, and mosquitoes, great heat, and consequent discomfort. The thermometer scored 106° at midday, and 104° at night. When we arrived in the Zambesi our troubles increased, for the river was

nearly dry, and we had to go up to Senna instead of down to the Kongoné. The necessity arose from my having run short of calico to pay my men.

When we arrived amongst the handful of Portuguese who represented the refugees from the town now no longer in their possession, I felt myself entirely at their mercy; but I suppose it is but human nature to take advantage of opportunities. At all events, I had to pay 2*s.* per yard for the wherewithal to meet my debts, when the same calico would have been easily procured in England at 2½*d.* per yard!.

Bidding adieu to this representation of Portuguese impotency in East Africa, we started down stream, and arrived at Shupanga on the 5th November, where I discharged my crew, who had now been with us for three months. And it is not without a word of real feeling I can part with them.

Poor fellows! did one need an argument

against those would-be villifiers of our race, who make these Africans incorrigible, and, by the light of their own self-righteous conceit, hopeless enigmas, I could wish they had been with us in our journeyings together, and I may say in our partings. They would find as I found, that there was a joy in leaving the faithful servant, who in our service had been mangled and well nigh killed by an elephant—a joy I say, because against previous hope he now would recover, we felt sure. But there was sorrow, the true test of our common humanity, in the leaving him and his companions, for when should we meet again?

It is this sympathy—this mutual understanding—which is begotten in the long contact of race and race, however incongruous in outward circumstance, which establishes (and without the seeking it) the sure fact of the vast brotherhood of all mankind.

To leave these men, to witness the heavy-hearted looks at Chibisa's, to see the dense group grow smaller and smaller in the distance on the lake shore,—all these things are sorrows, they are against one's nature, they are separations, where heart has spoken to heart of companionship.

I do not envy the man who, self-sufficient, looks for vice everywhere, and with his own knowledge of it, seeking a like-by-like test, steadily denies the good there is to be found amongst such tribes as we are now returning from.

It is too much the custom with some to bring back to Europe a portfolio of nastinesses stored in memory, which can only be collected by the research of a filthy curiosity, and serve the purposes of an antagonism to our common humanity. The search would be easier, the results more detestable in the dark haunts of European civilization, and would that such travellers were kept from Africa: a more generous

end will meet its own reward. It is a delight for the poor African to have anyone come to him, who will first amuse him, and then imperceptibly win his heart by deeds of common honesty. This is to be done—nay, is done, and will be as long as virtue is to be the conqueror: superstition is weary in its craving for fresh air and freedom for the mind.

Our men were impatient to be away to see their families, and as soon as I had given them their wages, there was a general rush for home. They had been a long time absent, for it is the exception to travel far on the Zambesi.

I was, however, I confess, disappointed to find that my urgency to be off to the Kongoné met with little heed from them, and eventually it necessitated my engaging another crew to do the remainder of the voyage, rather than submit to be considered at their beck and call.

This is one feature in the native mind

there is no getting over, and it constantly meets one, a sort of unreasonableness, as hard to be understood as it is annoyingly present when least looked for. Time is nothing to them, and to the man to whom it is an object, their very great disregard of anything like despatch, is one of the greatest drawbacks of travel. Perhaps railways, steamers, and telegraphs have educated the European up to an unfair pitch—that is, his nature has imperceptibly undergone a change since all were afloat in the Ark together; the African can have altered very little since those days.

We now made the best of our way to the Kongoné. This we reached early on the morning of the fourth day. The natives told us that no vessel had come in sight since our departure. We had been promised a call by one of H.M.'s cruisers on the 1st December, and, so economical in point of time had we been, that in all probability more than a fortnight would

have to be passed at this wild exposed spit of land, where the roar of the surf on the bar, and the smell of the mangrove become indelibly written on the mind.

There was no time to be lost in getting a shelter over our heads. The rainy season, which usually begins at this time, now set in with all its fury of thunderstorm, wind, and rain. We built some very comfortable huts with the assistance of the natives, and soon had ourselves and our boats out of harm's way. We then erected a high flagstaff in order to signal any ship that might pass our way, and then began that weary day-by-day gazing to seaward to catch sight of a sail. I was, I confess, very anxious this delay might not be a long one. So far we had been spared all sickness. Hard work, an active life, and constant exercise of mind, had, by God's blessing, staved off even a day's fever, and that during a lengthy travel in a land which is supposed to overthrow the traveller every

few days by an attack of this disorder. *Not a case had we had.* Not a grain of the medicines we had especially taken with us for fever had been used, for I do not include the moderate use of quinine. There was the stopper untouched in the bottle of the now famous "Fever Powder" of Livingstone; but a few days' idleness, lolling about, and inanition, was more to be dreaded than anything we had yet undergone; nor was I surprised to find my comrades begin to look jaded and weary.

On the 19th November still more significant was an attack of severe dysentery, which pitched upon Stacey, our seaman, as its victim. Fortunately this gave way to the remedies at hand. Some sickly Portuguese also employed our spare time by their requirements. The news of our presence had got as far as some of the outlying rice farms which are held by the convicts under the Portuguese authority, and we were glad to be able to administer

to their poor cadaverous fever-stricken frames.

Surely if dissipation, wretchedness, and vice ever were personified to the full in human form, they are to be seen in such men! More sickening examples I never witnessed than amongst these unfortunate wretches. Sent out here for a term of years, it best suits the powers that be if they are never more heard of, least of all in their sole occupation—slavery, and its attendant vices. Haunted by that which is too glaring to be denominated a superstition, they are the first to confess that money made in this traffic is never known to pass through two generations. Example after example is freely volunteered to prove the truth of this fact: it is not necessary to draw upon the imagination for a sure consequence following on the barbarism and cruelty of the system. The slaveholder in these dismal mangrove swamps leads a life of incessant terror lest

he should be at any moment overpowered by those under him. He is alone with his own conscience, far from any other white man, and ardent spirits and debauchery cannot keep the spectre long away at a time from his mind. His plan is to rule by intimidation. Nor will the death of a refractory slave here and there suffice to establish the fear he reckons on as his best defence against such outbreaks. Mutilation, such as the cutting off of nose, and ears, and lips, is amongst the milder punishments. In the code of severe penalties and special modes of death lie horrors perpetrated on the wretched slaves, and on the women especially, that leave it very hard to believe the ingenuity of such men is one whit behind the cruelty of Satan himself. To detail things that have come to my knowledge would make the reader turn pale and sick at heart, wearied to think there could be such a chapter of human agony and torture upon this earth of ours.

A ship hove in sight on the 1st December, to our inexpressible satisfaction. No one can rightly describe the sensation it is to have a long watching thus broken up at last. We made all the display of bunting we could, and as we saw no sign from her, we lighted large fires at night, feeling sure these would speak for our presence at the Kongoné Bar.

As there was still an absence of anything like a boat approaching the next morning, and the bar was tolerably calm, I took one of our own out, and after a long pull, came up alongside H.M.S. "Racoon," which, as I surmised, had been sent up to communicate with us. I was soon busy making arrangements with her commander for our all being taken off, and then prepared to return to my companions. But in the meantime this ever uncertain passage across the bar had become unsafe, and I was forced to remain on board for the night.

The chief item of news which met me was, that *Livingstone had been heard of through native reports which had come to Zanzibar.* According to this intelligence he had been seen in the interior, say in about the same latitude as that island, some 600 miles in from the coast. This confirmed our belief that he had safely passed on to the north-west, after leaving the regions we had sought out.

It was a great satisfaction, I confess, and it was with real joy I pulled away the following morning to convey the news on shore to the little group anxiously awaiting my return. The bar was quite smooth this time, and we went in in fine style. To embark with our stores and hastily collected impedimenta (amongst which were many trophies of the chase which had fallen to the unerring rifle and indomitable perseverance of Mr. Faulkner) was the work of a short hour.

I have not spoken much of sporting

matters, as the reader will perceive. Mr. Faulkner, especially on the downward voyage, had several excellent opportunities of going inland and shooting his way on for a few days at a time to different rendezvous we appointed, and where he was again picked up by the boats. In his collection the tusks of the elephant lie beside the skins of antelopes of all sorts. He will, I believe, from his own pen afford details of his deeds of great interest to sportsmen during these temporary wanderings, and neither the well-known capabilities of the country, nor his far-famed prowess, will require more than his narrative to speak for them.

Once on board, with a fair wind and our course shaped for the Cape, it seemed hard to believe we had been so short a time inland, and yet had travelled so far. Thankfulness, I trust, was not absent from any one of us for all the success attending our search, and from the immunity from

every accident which too commonly besets the African explorer. We made a very slow voyage in boisterous weather, and arrived at Simon's Bay on the 17th December.

Anxious at once to return to England to lay before the Admiralty, and the Royal Geographical Society the conclusions we had come to respecting our Prince of travellers, I was glad to find that by a great effort the mail steamer, "Celt," could be caught before she left Table Bay on the 19th. It necessitated my leaving behind me all but just the necessaries for the voyage. Previously to starting, I secured the good services of my excellent friend, Mr. Lightfoot, to carry out one object which lay near at heart. Sinjeri and Chinsoro, our two faithful boys, had been invaluable to us during our travels. The intelligence of the one could hardly be placed before the untiring zeal and hard work of the other. Their utter

devotion to us at all points, specially in sifting out evidence, and faithfully considering not only our interests, but with anxiety second only to our own, the fate of their former beloved leader, left me indeed grateful for the help they had afforded. Through their good pastor I left a sufficient reward for their services, and I think it will turn to their eventual welfare.

Bidding them farewell, we found ourselves once more upon the steamer "Celt," and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at the port whence we started seven months previously.

To telegraph the intelligence to the President of the Geographical Society that Moosa's story was utterly false was to revive the spirits and the hopes of those who so ardently admire the noble career of Livingstone. Amidst this throng, sensible of all the warm congratulations and substantial proofs of favor showered upon

us we resume our places. No one more anxiously or jealously watches over every rumour and each jotting of news that comes to us of my former master than do we; and may the day be near when I shall share with all England the joy of welcoming him amongst us again.

APPENDIX.

SINCE the foregoing was placed in the publishers' hands, we have received intelligence of Dr. Livingstone's real safety up to February, 1867. Letters written by him, of that date, have come to hand, and the story which Moosa circulated of the traveller's death receives—did it need it, its *quietus*. To alter a word of the true narrative of our expedition now that it would be so easy to correct blunders of misconception, and to make *post facto* prophesies take the place of original suppositions, both the reviser of this journal and myself feel would be untruthful and dishonest towards the ends in view. These I hope the reader will take on trust as being what they are,—an endeavour to represent a search in the dark, and the results brought to light through its means.

Livingstone now informs us that he stayed for a long time with Ma Taka, who commands and rules over a division of the Ajawa tribe, too solid I think for the Ma Zitu to break. He speaks with warmth of the kindness he received during his stay, and of the excellent position he believes the chief's town to be for the head quarters of any small body of Englishmen who may be inclined to try their hand at breaking up the slave trade. This traffic he probed to its full horrors, and nothing can exceed the desolation caused by it wherever he wandered.

In reading his letters I cannot help feeling it most significant—for it is more than a coincidence—that at the very time he was penning lines to Mr. Waller, in which his whole lament is poured forth

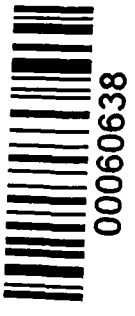
that another effort cannot be made and Mackenzie's work taken up again, my comrades and myself, utterly unknown to him, were drawing conclusions as to the perfect ease with which such an attempt could be renewed. I am glad to find there is some probability his words will not lie fallow.

And now a word about these tribes through which we threaded out the story of Moosa's lie.

It is a pleasure, and a legitimate one, to state that the Doctor, quite in ignorance of the story having ever left Africa (much less of its having caused our Expedition to leave England), shows us what real faith these poor creatures placed in us. Innocently enough, there are little facts scattered here and there in his letters, which confirm the *complete truthfulness* of the natives, and establish their evidence to the fullest degree. We believed them impressed with his presence amongst them, that they were fond of him, and that they would not mislead nor equivocate to anyone who openly stated that he was anxious as to his fate, after he had passed on from them. It is then an immense pleasure to find that all cunning and tact had actually been laid aside in order that we might be assisted; that evidence had been freely produced before us, and that we were truly received as friends wherever we went. There is an exclamation common in these tribes, which the traveller will scarce be a day without hearing: between native and native it is more of a playful rebuff than anything else—"Ah' Ku Wenga àn' sàko?" ("Ah! would you deceive or lie to one of your own people?") It is held as a point of duty, as a defensive operation, to misguide a stranger on whom the least suspicion rests, and it is considered equally infamous to play false to friends. In a very voluminous epistle to Mr. Waller (written some two hundred miles from the spot of the reported murder and on the very path Marenga indicated), Dr. Livingstone refers at some length to Wakotani. I regret that his report is not altogether

such as I could wish. It appears the lad found two of his brothers in the vicinity of Lake Pamalombe, as I have described. Livingstone had been a good deal embarrassed by a rumour most industriously set about by the Arab slave dealers, to the effect that he had in former years liberated these lads from the slave sticks to appropriate them as his own slaves. It soon became apparent that Wakotani was not proof against old associations. Sold as a slave in time past, he had again turned up amongst his own people after adventures worthy of a volume in themselves. Naturally his kith and kin would be amongst his foremost admirers, and if the Doctor's hints are not mis-read, the boy's heart was laid seige to by that heavy battery which dame Nature wins most of her battles with. Had ever such an eligible match tumbled down amongst the pretty Ajawa girls as Wakotani, with his foreign polish, and still his first home's love! It seems to have been carried by assault, this heart of his, after a converging fire: the lad's spirit was dull at the idea of leaving them again, most likely for ever, to live amongst those who remind the black man how black he is. But it was of the very utmost importance that a distinct understanding should prevail amongst the natives, on this question of liberty. Any semblance of Wakotani being *forced* to continue the march against his will, would at once have confirmed the slave traders' assertions. The opportunity afforded itself of scattering the idea to the winds, and Dr. Livingstone, in the presence of Ma Punda's people, gave the young fellow his full choice whether to depart or remain. He chose the latter. But Livingstone was not without hopes it might actually turn out for the best. There is no fear that Wakotani's tongue will be idle, nay, I pity him the days and nights to which the "Arabian Nights" will be child's play! The treatment he received whilst with his English friends will spread, and in time, bear its own fruit. On parting, he assured the Doctor that he should make for any Englishmen at once

who should ever revisit the country, and we may believe that he will for every reason. Chuma, the Doctor eulogises to the highest pitch: brave, truthful, and industrious, his character has not altered one whit. Chitani, the dog, must not be omitted: whence he came we do not yet know, but most likely from Bombay. I tremble for the theory, or rather, the tale of his tail, for it seems that the puzzle after all may have been to tell which was his head and which was his tail, so thickly covered with hair was this faithful companion of our traveller. The sad story of his death, alas! and of his master's discomfort, is the one tale of which there is no doubt. But it is not my object to rob the future publications of our explorer of their intense interest, which I should do were I to extract paragraph after paragraph from his letters, to swell the size of a mere bye-chapter of African travels. I can only repeat with what joy I take up the renewed probability of seeing one again, face to face, so dear to us all. According to very reliable reports Livingstone was at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika in October last year, and very patiently we must watch for him at the mouth of the Nile, if our surmises be not ill founded as to his onward journey and intentions.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